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SOCIAL LIFE AT OTTAWA.

BY W. BLACKBURN HART.



At the beginning of this century Canada was virtually comprised in the province of Quebec. Of course Halifax was a British mili-

tary depot, and there were a few scattered settlements of hunters and traders in different parts of the upper provinces; but the civilization of these hardy pioneers was but one remove from the barbarism of the Algonquins and Hurons or Wyandots, whom they drove slowly but steadily before them into the wilderness of the great Northwest. A party of *voyageurs* preparing to start upon a voyage of discovery among the solitudes of the upper St. Lawrence aroused the same curiosity and compassion in the minds of the good citizens of Montreal and Quebec in 1800 as would now probably be manifested about the members of a locally organized expedition to the North Pole.

Ottawa's position to-day as the capital of Canada is the sequence of a singularly interesting chapter of accidents.

In the early period of its history, Montreal and Quebec were the only two cities in Canada, and a perennial quarrel existed as to which of them retained the honor of precedence in the commerce and civilization of the colony. The animosity was almost as ancient and respectable as that of the rival houses of Montague and Capulet. It originated in the jealousies and frictions between Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal, and the governor of Quebec in the seventeenth

century. It was not until 1859 that the dispute for supremacy of position was submitted for arbitration and final settlement to the imperial government. Ottawa was, at that time, an obscure town with a small and struggling population, the result for the most part of the military settlement made during the construction of the Rideau Canal. Her Majesty, upon the advice of her colonial ministry, selected Barrack Hill, the rocky eminence overhanging the Ottawa River, as the site for the Parliament of Canada, and on September 1, 1860, the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the present buildings. In 1867, confederation was an accomplished fact, and Canada ceased to be a collection of independent provinces, and became a Dominion. The old parliamentary buildings in Toronto and Quebec were relegated to the especial use of the provincial legislatures; the viceroy abandoned his quarters near the sky in the citadel of the ancient capital, and Ottawa became the seat of the federal government, the official residence of his Excellency the Governor-General, with his attendant court of St. James in miniature, and quite a gay little capital for at least three months out of every twelve. And the river in the valley below, which once seemed as if it would be left in its primeval stillness forever, has become the great highway of the lumbering trade of Canada, and its waters are churned day and night into long frothy furrows by bellowing steamers and wheezy little tugs, with long trains of barges and timber rafts astern.

Considerable rivalry still exists among the principal cities of the Dominion, but the status of each is now defined. Ottawa is, of course, the political Mecca and social hub of



Constance Stanley & Preston Stanley & Preston

the country; Montreal is the commercial metropolis; Toronto, modeled after American Western cities, is the center of the education, culture, base-ball and religious enthusiasm of Canada, and Quebec, although decadent, is the most delightful corner of the whole continent.

Ottawa is a city by virtue of its position alone. It is really a provincial town in a state of transition. Apart from the parliamentary buildings it is devoid of architectural pretensions, and it is of too recent growth to have any rich historical associations. In the principal streets of the city one is haunted by an oppressive sense of newness. It enjoys the reputation of being *par excellence* the most brilliantly lit city on the continent; all the streets and most of the stores are lighted by electricity.

The social system of Ottawa is not very well understood in Canada, except by those who actually move in the official circles of the capital. The court is a queer mixture of aristocratic institutions and mob law. It lacks the insuperable class discrimination of the court of St. James in London, and can not claim to have acquired the usages of a dignified democracy, as seen to such perfection in the official circles of Washington. There is no aristocracy in Canada, except

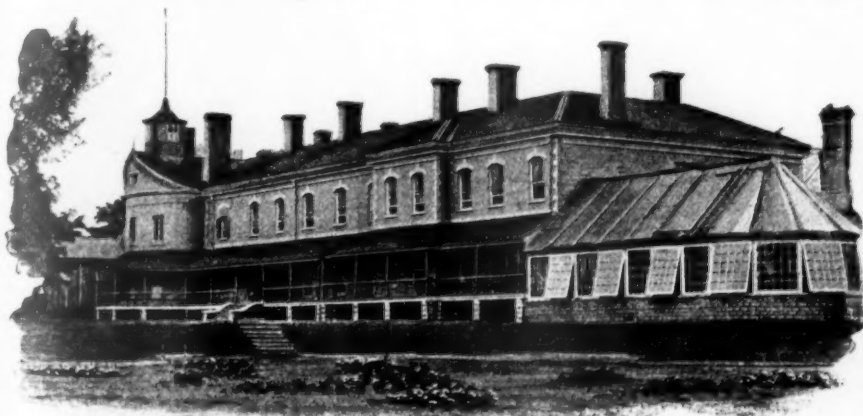
that of brains and muscle, and that does not usually seek to be limned out at court by the fierce light that is supposed to beat around a throne. The old-world aristocracy, with its subtle train of sequences, means social gulfs unbridgeable. It means idle and ever-increasing wealth almost cheek by jowl with the most desperate poverty. In Canada the millions have still a belief in the eternal equities, and "caste" will not be tolerated even in our little provincial court of St. James. There are, however, a few people in Ottawa who have endeavored to introduce the English social system of titular precedence and "caste" distinctions into the social scheme. They are, unfortunately, the victims of their own imaginations, and live in an atmosphere of antiquated idealism. Canada has a monarchical form of government, but the masses are essentially democratic, and regard with feelings of pity and contempt the flummery and court millinery which are all that the progress of the age has left to royalty and divine succession.

The Governor-General's functions are distinctively and exclusively social. It is true that he opens and prorogues Parliament, and gives his assent to the bills passed each session; but he merely acts at the dictation

of the Premier, and possesses no more power in the legislation of the country than does the Queen in England. It is not, of course, his fault, but the position of a governor-general is an anomaly to-day. His office, defined with brutal truth, is nothing more than a transplanted fetichism of the old world, with a sinecure attached to it. The principal occupation of his Excellency is to be bored with addresses from learned and patriotic societies, and respond to the toast of "The Queen," at public dinners. He certainly also bears the onus of recommending to her Britannic Majesty suitable persons for minor decorations and titles, which can be obtained by achieving a reputation as a giver of good dinners at the capital, and upon the payment of a nominal sum to the crown, to defray incidental expenses. A court exercising in some measure the rigid etiquette of the British institution, must, however, have a train of courtiers and a stock of exclusive shibboleths. In the absence of a heritage of blue blood the Canadian "aristocracy" possesses the *Clicquot* brand of the civil service. Officialdom practically constitutes the court, and it also embraces clubdom and snobdom. The manners of the *jeunesse dorée* of her Majesty's civil service in Ottawa have become proverbial throughout the Dominion. These young men are recruited for the most part from the younger sons of the British aristocracy; but the civil service numbers in its ranks many highly-cultivated and brilliant men.

It is not very difficult to obtain recognition

at Rideau Hall. In the early days of the session, all one has to do is to take a quarter of an hour's drive to Government House, inscribe one's name and address on the visiting-book in charge of an orderly, and leave a card. This is followed, as a rule, by a card of invitation from her Excellency to her first large reception. The "At Homes," at Government House, on Saturday afternoons, are more exclusive, while the musical and theatrical parties are the most exclusive of all the vice-regal entertainments. These are not usually given during the parliamentary session, at which time the programme generally consists of a dreary repetition of official dinner-parties. The guests to these latter arrive at seven-thirty P.M., and, by the laws of an unwritten but perfectly well understood code, they depart at ten o'clock, punctually. A very few moments are spent in the drawing-room after dinner. At these dinners official position takes precedence. A cabinet minister or his lady takes precedence of a member of Parliament and his lady, and so on right down to the third-class clerks in the civil service. The residents of Ottawa, however, are seldom invited to these dinners. This crust of officialism is occasionally broken when their Excellency's guests have been invited to meet some distinguished man; but, as a rule, these festive gatherings are much like a *table d'hôte* at a Saratoga hotel. It is a peculiar thing that widows, or young girls who are motherless, are seldom or never invited to Government House, unless



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

the latter happen to be keeping house for their fathers. This regulation excludes a large and charming element in Ottawa society, which might infuse more life into these somewhat dull and pompous dinners.

There are frequently a number of distinguished American visitors at Rideau Hall, and they are always very popular and much sought after in society. They are generally blessed with a good share of this world's goods, and exercise a lavish generosity that astonishes the storekeepers, who have been carefully educated up to a due appreciation of the benefits of the English credit system, in order to sustain the impecunious dignity of the bureaucracy of the capital. In their turn, the Americans are greatly interested in going to court, and if they are amused at the proceedings they are too courteous to betray themselves.

The Ottawa season and the parliamentary session are practically synonymous terms. The first social event of the season is the formal opening of Parliament by the Governor-General, at which everybody is present, and the State dinner, that takes place in the evening of the same day. In the days of Lord Dufferin's occupancy of the Government House this dinner was confined to the ministers of the crown; but of late years it has included as well privy councilors, the judges of the Supreme Court, the speakers of the two houses, the deputy ministers and higher officials of the civil service, and some of the leading members of the Senate and House of Commons. The number of guests on this occasion is usually about eighty, but after the dinner is over a reception is held, for which cards are issued to the wives and daughters of those invited to the feast, besides the large army of those who invariably make an appearance at these affairs.

The "drawing-room," which is held by the Speaker of the Senate in the Senate Chamber, takes place a few days after the opening of the session, and to it everybody who is anybody is invited. All the *haut ton* of the Dominion are present, and the chamber is converted into a veritable Vanity Fair, thronged with the devotees of fashion. The galleries are dark with interested spectators, and dotted here and there with the brilliant toilets of the ladies. The scene altogether is kaleidoscopic in its multi-colored effects of life and movement. The costumes show



MRS. T. A. KIRKPATRICK.

what it is possible for Ottawa society to accomplish, even though it is situated three thousand miles away from Paris, the hub of the fashionable world.

The gubernatorial ball, which is given at Rideau Hall at the close of Lent, is the great event of the social season at our giddy capital, and to it the wives and daughters of officialdom look forward as the one "red-letter" occasion in their rather monotonous existence. Then do they hobnob with the ministry, and cut a figure in the presence of nobility, and the following morning their names are published in all the local papers among those of the *élite* of the land.

Lord Stanley of Preston is one of the best representatives of the type of the old aristocracy that is fast disappearing in England.

He is a wholesome British aristocrat—indeed he was generally known in transatlantic society as the "first gentleman in England." He certainly, by his manners and his irreproachable domestic character, merits the distinction. Lord Stanley is a tall, heavily-built man, and in a crowd would be noticeable for his generous proportions. His face is expressive of generosity and a tolerant good humor. He is not by any means a brilliant man, and his official speeches are inclined to be ponderous; but he has a hearty manner in his intercourse with all classes, and is wholly devoid of affectation. In fact he is a perfect gentleman, in the large sense of the word, as it is accepted in democratic America. There is nothing of the patrician

about his appearance, and, without knowing him, one would come to the conclusion that he was a prosperous director of some large banking or other commercial concern, and was removed by his dividends from all earthly care. He has the air of a man content with the world and himself, and one would never suspect that his life-long occupation has been diplomacy. But then the British *corps diplomatique* is proverbially free from Machiavellian qualities.

Lady Constance Stanley is a woman particularly adapted to supplement her husband's intellectual and moral being, and, indeed, she possesses many of the same qualities of mind which distinguish him. She is, like him, essentially English in both appearance and manner. A glance is sufficient to reveal the fact that she is a product of the British civilization and social system. She is a tall, well-proportioned woman, of refined and matronly demeanor; her features are pleasant and regular without being distinctly handsome, and there is a very womanly, lovable look in her eyes, which compensates for the absence of any indication of extraordinary mentality. Her tournure is pleasing with all the charms of maturity, and her toilets always denote infallible judgment and good taste, both in the selection of color and material, and in the arrangement. Although Lady Stanley does not display exactly the same interest in the social commonwealth, and hardly exercises the same exuberant hospitality as her immediate predecessor at Rideau Hall, she has already become very well liked at the capital, and her *régime* as leader of Ottawa society promises to be as successful as that of Lady Lansdowne, and will probably eclipse that of the Princess Louise, whose notions of etiquette were too frigid for a democracy.

The Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, the bridal pair of last winter, who crossed the Atlantic to spend their honeymoon at the Canadian capital, are very pleasant though not brilliant young people. The bridegroom at once undertook the not particularly arduous duties of secretary to his father, and both he and his bride showed that they possessed the happy faculty of deriving keen enjoyment from their surroundings. They entered with zest into all the exhilarating sports of our Canadian winter season, and sleighing or tobogganing parties were organized for



LADY ALICE STANLEY.



HON. EDWARD STANLEY.

CAPTAIN MCMAHON.

nearly every day in the week ; in fact (tell it not in Gath), small and select tobogganing parties have been given at Government House even on Sunday afternoons, despite the severe Puritanism of the social atmosphere in Canada.

Although Rideau Hall is the omnipotent force in the social whirl of Ottawa, Lady Macdonald has been virtually the leader of society at the capital for over twenty years. She is a really remarkable woman, and if the wives' shares in the greatness of their husbands was only acknowledged, Lady Macdonald would have to be credited with a considerable part of Sir John Macdonald's successful administration of the affairs of the nation. She is in every respect a fit companion for the veteran statesman. She is tall and robust. Her head is rather large for a woman, but it is well shaped and denotes

a firm will and a clear, fine intellect. Her features are strongly marked, and there is the same lurking determination and power about her eyes and mouth that one notices in Sir John's face. Indeed, it is generally remarked that in the course of their long married life the Premier and his wife have become wonderfully alike, both in their habits of thought and in their physical expression. There is something essentially masculine in Lady Macdonald's character and in her marvelous breadth of mind. Although her hair is now silvery, she follows the politics of the country with the keenest interest, and Sir John has great confidence in her judgment. Indeed, it has often been wittily said that in the case of Sir John's resignation or death, there is no person in Canada who possesses a more subtle perception of political exigencies, or is better qualified to succeed him as First Minister, than her ladyship. In former years she was to be seen in the Speaker's gallery nearly every evening of the session, and was remarkable as the only lady in it who followed the debates of the House. When Sir John was on his feet, her eyes would become

fastened upon him, and not a single point of his argument escaped her. She does not visit the House quite so frequently of late years. The recent death of Miss Macdonald, Sir John's sister, has made her comparatively retired, and moreover, although she has more physical and mental vigor than many young women of twenty summers, her ladyship is beginning to experience something of the lassitude which comes with advancing age. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and has a wonderful power of drawing out people, and, by getting them to talk about their hobbies, mentally taking their measure. She is a shrewd judge of character, and her opinions on all subjects are worth having. She is a warm friend to the struggling littérateurs of Canada, and is herself a valued contributor to many of the leading English magazines. She has much of the personal magnetism

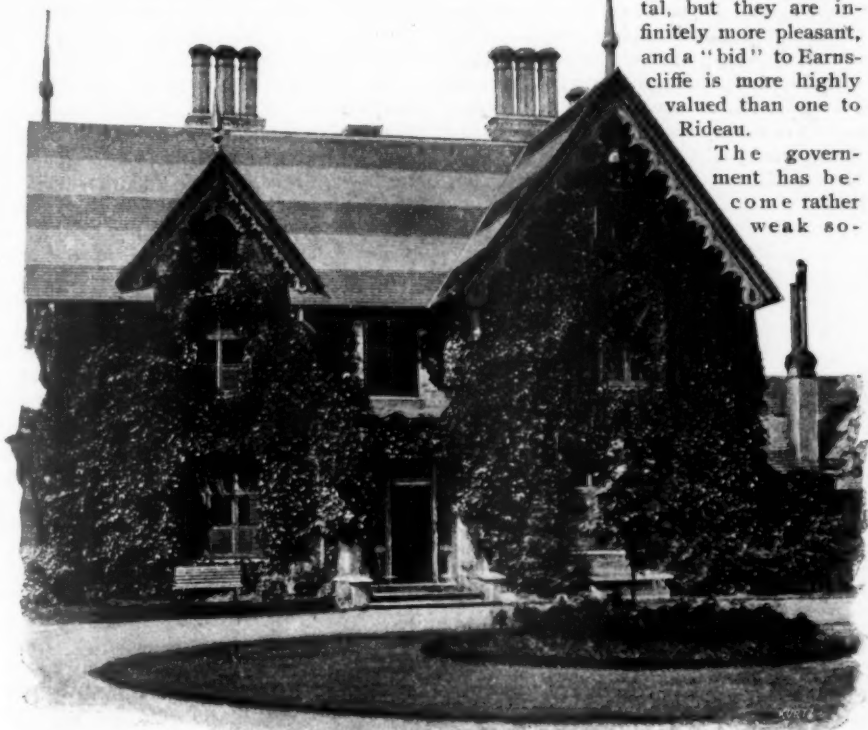


LADY MACDONALD.

that has been a material factor in Sir John's long and successful career, and when she takes an interest in a person she is a truly delightful hostess. Her receptions on Saturday afternoons are cheerful and informal, and attract all the brightest lights of the political and literary firmament of the Dominion, besides the crowd of budding misses, old fops, and faded matrons who flock in for five o'clock tea. Lady Macdonald has arranged her *ménage* at Earnscliffe—her charming home—according to the civilized plan of the French: two meals a day, breakfast at eleven-thirty, and dinner at half-past seven. Of course, there is tea at five, but this is merely a *raison d'être* for the afternoon gatherings. There are always a few favored guests at her breakfasts, when the conversation is a pleasant mixture of half gossip and half politics, with a generous *souffçon* of delicate irony and wit in it. Her dinners, which are usually given on Thurs-

day, are not as pretentious as some of those given at the capital, but they are infinitely more pleasant, and a "bid" to Earnscliffe is more highly valued than one to Rideau.

The government has become rather weak so-



EARNSCLIFFE.

cially. The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, the Minister of Customs, does not entertain at all. The Hon. Geo. Foster, the Minister of Finance, is a bachelor and a sort of social Diogenes; he neither invites people to dine with him nor dines out himself. The Hon. John Costigan and Sir Adolphe Caron are out of the social world. The world of a practical democracy is apt to be censorious, and the old *noblesse* are consequently hampered and harassed in their usual avocations. Lady Caron is a charming lady of French-Canadian origin; but although she is always a welcome guest in Ottawa society, she lives a retired life and does not entertain frequently. Sir Hector Langevin is a hard-headed politician of the "old school," and he is not fond of society.

As the daughter of the now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, Mrs. C. H. Tupper, wife of Mr. Tupper, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, created a favorable impression at the capital when her father occupied the position of Minister of Justice. The impression then created has been since deepened and confirmed. As the wife of the youngest Minister in the Cabinet, Mrs. Tupper has already succeeded in establishing herself as one of the most popular leaders of society; and the influence of good dinners and judicious hospitality generally in the politics of a country is enormous. Mrs.

Tupper is materially assisting her husband to overcome the prejudice existing against him on account of his precipitate promotion, which was, of course, due to his father's, Sir Charles Tupper's, position as High Commissioner for Canada. Nothing in the way of entertaining appears to be an effort to Mrs. Tupper, and she thoroughly enjoys what may be called the duties rather than the pleasures of the life of a Cabinet Minister's wife. She is young and handsome; is very good-natured, and possesses a simplicity of manner whose charm wins upon a first acquaintance, and is also enduring. Her friendships are not easily broken. She entertains on a large scale, and it has been generally admitted that her dinners lack that element of stiffness for which the formal semi-political dinners of the capital are notorious.

The name of Mrs. Jeanie Jewell Hotchkiss has been more or less identified with many of the literary, artistic, and political men and women of her time. As the wife of the American Consul in Ottawa, Mrs. Hotchkiss has become widely known for her social distinction, and has gracefully supplemented the labors of her husband with her charming *savoir faire* and inimitable resources of entertainment. She is the daughter of Darius Jewell, a member of an old English family settled in Connecticut, and her uncle Marshall Jewell was for two terms in succession Governor of Connecticut; afterward Postmaster-General under President Grant, and then American Minister to Russia. Mrs. Hotchkiss, after passing through her collegiate course, evinced considerable talent in literature and the dramatic art, and while still in her teens made a successful *début* as a dramatic reader in the city of Buffalo. She at once stepped into the first ranks of her profession as an accomplished elocutionist, and achieved not only a professional triumph, but a social ovation, all through the Union. Since her marriage in 1864 she has only appeared in public at rare intervals, but the *habitués* of Steinway and Chickering halls will remember her Shakespearean reading as one of the greatest intellectual treats attainable even in the metropolis. In appearance she still retains many of the physical charms which contributed in no small degree to the fascination of her dramatic impersonations, and her conversation sparkles with the nimble wit and aptness of allusion which



MRS. C. H. TUPPER.



MISS BESSIE HOTCHKISS.

betoken a considerable acquaintance with literature and the world.

Miss J. Bessie Hotchkiss has inherited a large share of her mother's beauty, although she has not developed precisely the same amount of talent,—at least, not in the same direction. She is a brunette of a most fascinating type, with dark, bright eyes, full of mirth and good nature, and her form and carriage would attract attention in any bevy of beautiful women. Her sunshiny disposition renders her a general favorite in the social circles of Ottawa, and her presence is in demand at all the important gatherings of the season. During the viceroyalty of Lord Stanley's predecessor, Miss Hotchkiss was a frequent guest at Rideau Hall, and she made her first plunge as a *dé-*

butante into the society of the capital under the especial *chaperonage* of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, who always took a great interest in the youthful members of her circle.

Mrs. T. A. Kirkpatrick, wife of the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, an eminent light of the Ontario Bar, was for two seasons before her marriage the reigning belle at the capital. She accompanies her husband every year to Ottawa, and while he is engaged in his sessional duties she takes an active and prominent part in the doings of society. She is a tall, dark woman, with smiling dark eyes, a slightly *retroussé* nose, and full, well-rounded lips. Her figure is perfection, and she dresses with exquisite taste. She is one of the few brilliant talkers one meets in Ottawa circles, and her conversation is impregnated with a femininity that is all the more charming because it is not of the orthodox and inane description.

The crowd of beauties one meets in the capital during the season are recruited from every quarter of the Dominion. They all troop off after the prorogation of Parliament. Among these, of whom a mere mention is possible within the limits of this article, are Miss Church, Miss Macdonald, Miss Bury, Mrs. Corbett, Miss Brown, of Hamilton, Miss Hall, of Sherbrooke, Miss Edythe M. Beers, of Montreal, and the Misses Lewis, of the same city.

I have not been able to compress within the compass of this article all that could be said about the court of Canada, and many prominent social lights have not been mentioned for this reason; but I have endeavored to give a fair description of the capital, its institutions, and more notable inhabitants. At the close of the parliamentary session society goes into chintz and covers itself up; the blinds are drawn; the Governor-General and his suite go off to Caspapia for bass-fishing; and all those who are bound by business to remain in town try to appear as if they were just home for a couple of days, at the end of which time they rejoin the hordes at the fashionable watering-places.

THE CAGED TIGERS OF SANTA ROSA.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.



GERONIMO.

IGERS of the human race" is a phrase employed by General George Crook to describe the Chiricahua Apaches confined in Fort Pickens on Santa Rosa Island. It is exact, vivid, and suggestive. A visit to their prison fortress discovers that of these tigers there are over fifty; that nineteen are what, in Western parlance, are termed "bucks" or men, twenty-three are squaws, and the remainder children. George H. Wratten, the interpreter, charged by the commandant, Colonel L. L. Langdon, with the duties of medium, introduces the curious investigator to his famous wards. Natchez, or Naiche, as the captives call him, responds to summons, smiles gravely, shakes hands cordially, willingly submits to inspection of his civilized dress, and is seemingly unconscious of the passing criticisms on his anatomy, and its manifest adaptation to prolonged physical exertion. He is a son of Cochise, the great war chief who visited Washington, and loyally submitted to the National Government, and whose memory is perpetuated by the title of a county in Arizona. A very gentlemanly "tiger," dignified, reticent, sullen at times, and not at all desirous of figuring as a "Royal Bengal" in the eyes of curious tourists.

Mangas is more genial, smiles broadly, acts like a "good fellow," doesn't suggest danger to scalps, and yet is a son of Mangas Colorado, who for half a century led large bands of tribesmen on the war-path, was a terrible "man-eater," and was captured and killed while attempting to escape in 1863.

Geronimo steals up unannounced—sly and silent as a mountain lion. Feline is his eye. In border camps his neck would be endangered by the "general cussedness" it blazingly expresses. He also is a chief, not hereditary in any sense, like Naiche or Mangas, but because he is rich, energetic, and resourceful. Like Sitting Bull among the Dakotahs, he is a medicine-man among the Apaches, and adds magical powers to his claims on eminence.

"Tigers" though they be, there is something wondrously human about them. Naiche and Geronimo are better husbands, although much-married, than some hod-carriers, and know more of their children than do some of the sporting fraternity. Mangas does not quarrel with Huera, his divorced Mexican wife, confined within the

same precincts. The love-light is as bright in the eyes of these copper-hued squaws as in those of senatorial dames when they rest on the little ones. The babies snuggle to the bosoms of their mothers in highly civilized style, but heathenishly decline to whimper when the beetle-cradle is suspended on a convenient nail, or reared up against a wall. Centuries of warfare have organized the habit of silence in infants.

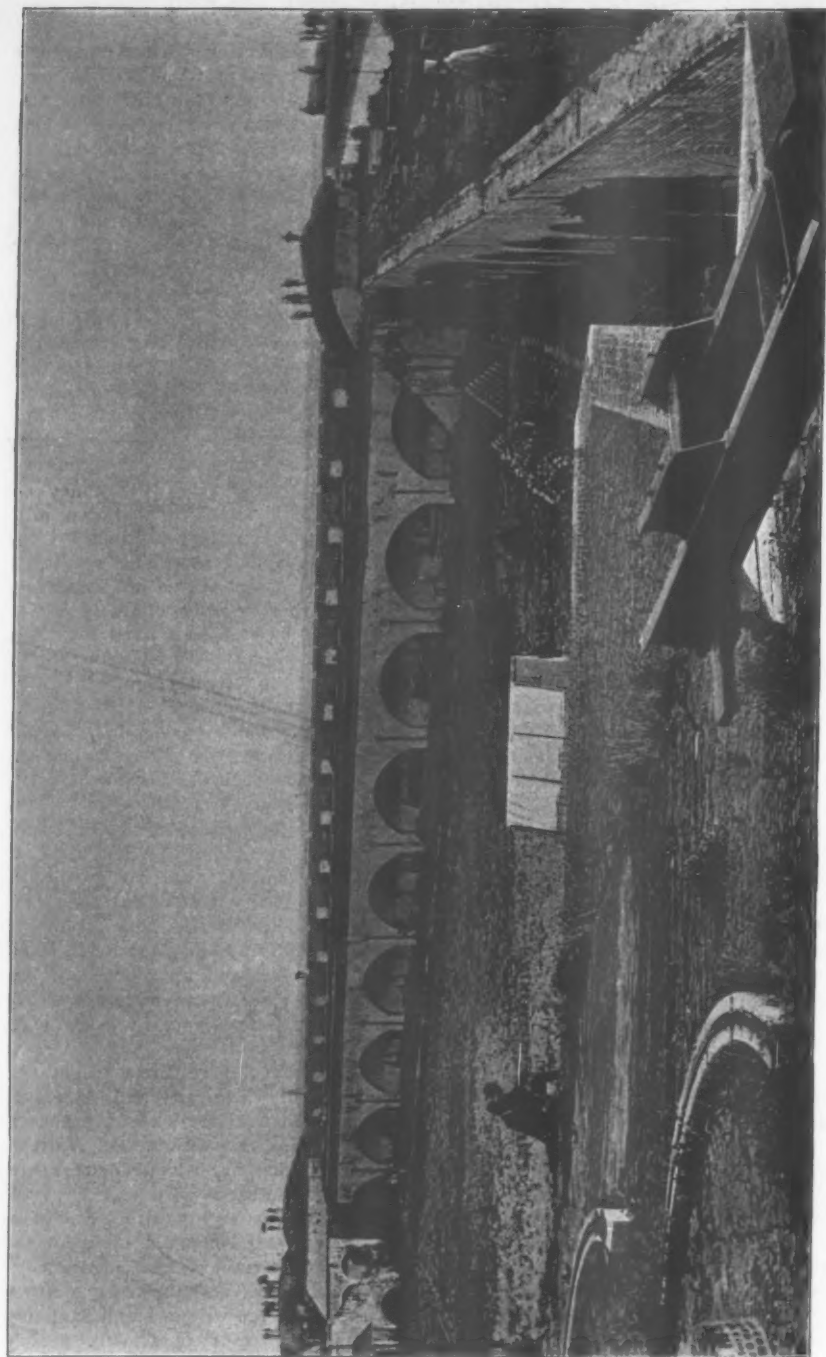
What deeds of blood have these caged "tigers" committed? Just what might have been expected from their nature, education and experience. Though "tigers," they are wholly human in respect of sense, sensibility, intellect and will. Good and evil war in them as in the best and worst of Caucasians. They don't comprehend the ethical ideas of the latter, nor do the Caucasians understand those of the Chiricahuas. For example, responsibility is tribal, not personal, with the Indian. His rule is, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." If some miscreant shoots his relative, the Indian's tribe exacts penalty by shooting the first white person met with. This is aboriginal but not civilized justice, and out of it has sprung many a fierce Indian war.

These Apaches, submissive and docile as Scotch colliers, belong to the *Mongolidae*, and are of the Athabaskan family, which extends from the Arctic Circle to New Mexico. Their language is agglutinative. By adding syllable after syllable they express the greatest number of ideas in the fewest possible words. Flexible their speech may be, but not mellifluous. It is not tigerishly explosive, but guttural, indistinct, hissing, beginning in the mouth and dying away down the throat. Strange as it may seem, these feline creatures are religious, believe in communion with the Supreme Being, pray to Him, and also to the sun, the light, the darkness, and the listening Earth-Mother. Some remnants of Roman Catholic teaching, and more of primitive tradition, linger in their minds. Superstitious, too, they are, and reverence the eagle, owl, all perfectly white birds, and also the bear, whose flesh they refuse to eat. But they don't like to talk on these subjects. Even "Geronimo keeps his eye peeled when he lets himself loose" on these topics, lest some lurking brother should overhear what he says.

The Apache is an Ishmaelite. His breech-

clout is enough of raiment when pursued or pursuing. Repeating rifles, sold by conscienceless traders, are of infinitely more importance. His small feet leave a trail that certainly betrays his tribal character. His experience has been one of struggle for existence. Inimical as the white man is, his worst foes have been of his own household. Portions of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona in the United States, and of Sonora, Chihuahua, and Durango in Mexico, have been his range from remote antiquity. Split up into sub-tribes, known as Jicarillas, Mescaleros, Coyoteros, Tontos, Chiricahuas, etc., the Apaches are ever disintegrating or consolidating under new designations. Their savage blood on fire, to the Spaniards they were a fearful scourge. Scorning conquest and conversion, by the year 1762 they had destroyed a hundred and seventy-four mining towns, stations, and missions. What provocation they had received is not so distinctly stated. That it was not small may be inferred from the crimes of hidalgos elsewhere. Nor have American citizens been less guilty of oppressive cruelty. In 1840-1, J. H. Lyman, of Northampton, Mass., was trapping on the head waters of the Gila, and testifies that for an ounce of gold per scalp, offered by the Governor of Sonora, a villain named Johnson, at the head of a company of seventeen trappers, fired a howitzer charged with bullets into a friendly mass of Apache men, women, and children, and that nearly all who were not struck down by the discharge were killed by rifle shots. The speedy sequence was the annihilation of another band of thirty trappers by the hands of the injured survivors and their friends. Then the country reverberated with howls over their ferocity, but not a word was said of the infernal incitement.

People rarely forgive those whom they have injured. Mexicans and Americans alike opposed the location of Apaches on the San Carlos reservation. On April 29, 1871, no less than five hundred and ten members of different bands were peaceably residing there in custody of United States soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman, of the Third Cavalry. Readily obedient, and singularly quick of apprehension, they were happy and contented, and took every opportunity of showing it. Many of the ignorant and naked



INTERIOR OF FORT PICKENS.

men were ashamed to lie or steal, and many of the untaught women held their virtue above all price. A large party of whites left Tucson on the 28th, surprised the Apache camp at daybreak next morning, shot sleeping women, ravished and slew other victims, beat out the brains of the wounded, hacked children in pieces, and stripped the bodies of the slain. Of a hundred and twenty-five killed and missing, only eight were men. Who were the tigers then? The grief of survivors was wild and fearful. Yet they clearly understood the situation, and retained perfect faith in Lieutenant Whitman. Of the captive children they said: "Our little boys will grow up slaves, and our girls, as soon as they are old enough, will be diseased prostitutes, and get money for whoever owns them." Truly enough did an officer remark that persons who could "murder like this, could and would make statements and multiply affidavits without end for their justification."

Dr. C. B. Brierley, Surgeon United States army, who knew the sufferers well, said: "I have never seen any Indians who showed the intelligence, honesty, and desire to learn manifested by these Indians." He believed that "they were honest in their intentions, and really desired peace."

The real trouble has been that Ahab coveted Naboth's vineyard. The whites were dissatisfied because Camps Apache, Grant,

and Verde were set apart for Apache occupancy by executive order, November 9, 1871. Was it any wonder, knowing this, that the Indians came and went defiantly, in large numbers and without permission; that depredations were often renewed before the stock of Government rations was exhausted; that they were seemingly incorrigible, and would only submit to order under the application of military force? In 1876 the Chiricahua reserve was broken up, and our "caged tigers" obliged to shift for themselves. The fiendish outrages of Juh, Victorio, and other chiefs followed. In 1881 some of the Apaches were captured and held for trial, others escaped into Mexico, and the greater part were removed to the San Carlos reservation. There the coal deposits, discovered on their lands, were coveted by the whites. The poor Apaches were in despair, and said, "We might as well die now as at anytime," but were willing to part with the coal-fields for the privilege of raising and selling garden truck to the miners.

When General Crook assumed command of the military department of Arizona in 1882, the Indians generally were sullen, distrustful of all white men, and on the verge of war. In March, 1883, the raid of Chatto from the Sierra Madre Mountains brought on open hostilities. Savage and brutal by instinct, the Chiricahuas, when excited by passion, were quite as willing to take the



THE APACHE PRISONERS.



PERICO AND FAMILY.

lives of human beings as of rabbits. Yet Crook prudently disintegrated and divided their bands, repressed their disorders, and reduced them to agriculture. Two years of complete respite ensued. The truce might have been perpetual had his methods been conscientiously observed. The native police, as a rule, were faithful in arresting the manufacture and sale of fiery *mescal*, or whiskey, and also of *tiswin*, a kind of fermented corn-beer, for the swilling of which Apaches prepare themselves by three days of abstinence. Intoxication by this wretched stuff seems to be a condition precedent to warlike or other important operations. Effective prohibition is distasteful to them as to dipsomaniac whites. Natchez and Chihuahua gave impressive

loyal Indian were smitten with grim impartiality. Sneaking as coyotes, they stole food and transportation from every valley. When surprised, they scattered like a covey of partridges, to gather again at places known only to themselves, often leaving no more trail than a flock of birds in passing through the air. Water was carried in the entrails of animals. None could tell where they would reappear—in front, or flank, or rear.

Pursuit was eager and restless. Chihuahua's band was struck on the 23d of June, and fifteen women and children, including his entire family, captured. Geronimo received the next blow, and on the 7th of August suffered the loss of all his camp equipage and of fifteen women and children.

illustration of this fact on May 15, 1885, by indulging in an "extensive *tiswin* drunk." Geronimo and Mangas, at the instigation of the latter, represented themselves as being equally culpable, in the hope of shielding the offenders from punishment. So did Fele and Loco—under pressure. Fearing the worst, and before General Crook's decision could reach the spot, Geronimo and Mangas reported that the officers were killed, that the scouts had deserted, and the Indians were leaving the reservation. All then took to flight, and traveled one hundred and twenty miles without stopping for rest or food. Murder smoked along their track. Then and subsequently fully seventy-five lives were sacrificed by their hands. Civilian, soldier, and

Still he was unconquerable. Ranchmen and cowboys let him severely alone, too happy to preserve whole skins. Very different was the conduct of Mrs. Belle Davis, of Tombstone, A. T., who, when her companions were attacked, fired a double-barreled gun into the hostiles, took a full cartridge belt and Winchester rifle from a slain man, and then retreated in good order, ready for warfare at any moment. Possessed of excellent field-glasses, every movement of the troops was perceptible to the fugitives.

On the 15th of January, 1886, the wives of Geronimo and Natchez, together with their children, and also five other persons, surrendered. This example would probably have been imitated by the entire body of hostiles but for the assassination of Captain Crawford by irresponsible Mexicans. On March 26 Chihuahua and his band gave themselves up, and on the 27th the remainder submitted without conditions, after Crook had threatened to follow and kill the last one, if it took fifty years. Though tired of the constant hounding of the campaign, they were in superb physical condition, armed to the teeth, abundantly supplied with ammunition, suspicious, independent, and self-reliant. General Crook promised life and farming homes on the White Mountain reservation during future good behavior, and the War and Interior Departments approved his pledge. All augured well. But the inevitable whiskey-fiend made his appearance on the scene in the shape of a scoundrel named Tribolet, who sold all the liquor he could to the hostiles, and then boasted of his large gains. Others, like him, scared them by predicting what would happen when General Crook had them wholly in his power. Geronimo and Natchez stamped in alarm on the night of the 29th, accompanied by eighteen bucks, fourteen women, and two young boys. Two wives and three children of Geronimo, and the family of Natchez, remained behind, and were afterwards sent to Fort Marion, Fla. These were the magnets whose attractive force eventually drew the abscondent warriors out of their lairs, and lured them into the cage at Fort Pickens. Mangas, with three companions, had separated from them in the previous August, and had taken no part in their atrocities.

Negotiations with the renegades recom-

menced in August. President Cleveland preferred hanging the medicine-man to treating with him. But to hang him it was necessary first to catch him, and Geronimo was too shy and slippery for that. In September, Lieutenant Gatewood, Interpreter Wratten, and the two scouts, Martinez and Kieta, entered their camp and stated that the Great Father wished them to surrender. Still doubtful, but hospitable to Wratten, they marched thence in line parallel to that of the soldiers as far as Fort Bowie, where the two chiefs affirm that General Nelson A. Miles promised that all the past should be wiped out, no harm befall them, reunion with families follow, and that all the Chiricahuas should be collected at St. Augustine. Geronimo first, Natchez afterwards, accepted the terms, but were sent to Santa Rosa. There Mangas was also deposited, after breaking his arm by leaping out of the car window as the moving train neared Pensacola.

To Fort Marion, Chatto—who owned a house, fourteen acres of land, and several horses and mules—and his fourteen paid Indian scouts, together with nearly all the Chiricahuas, and some other Indians from the San Carlos reservation, were sent. Comparative innocence was subjected to the same detention as flagrant guilt. In October, Colonel Langdon reported four hundred and sixty-nine prisoners confined in Fort Marion, whose walls enclose a square measuring one hundred and eighty feet on each side. Thence thirty-two boys and twelve girls were forwarded to the Indian school at Carlisle in November. The remainder were housed in tents on the ramparts—orderly, but necessarily idle, and liable to sickness and death.

The remonstrances of the Indian Rights Association, however, availed in 1887 to the reunion of the Pickens captives—seventeen of them—with their families on Santa Rosa. The purring of delighted mates, though savage, was intensely human. The Fort Marion captives were also transferred to more desirable quarters, and are now comfortably lodged at Mount Vernon, Ala., under the care of the Second United States artillery.

Quite an interesting story this. This band of Apache warriors, consisting, with families, of about fifty persons, is undoubt-

edly the most notorious, not to say renowned, of any on earth. In respect of endurance, elusiveness and cunning, they stand without peers. Courage goes without saying. One-sixth of the United States army was engaged in hunting them. General Crook's testimony is that: "Troops never worked harder, or more deserved success; but during the entire sixteen months of these operations, not a single man, woman, or child of the hostiles was killed or captured by troops of the regular army." The only successes achieved were by the Indian scouts, who "were of more value in hunting down and compelling the surrender of the renegades than all other troops, engaged in operations, combined."

What shall be done with the caged "tigers" and their kindred Chiricahuas? Their children at Carlisle evince uncommon aptitude for learning. All long for education, and some have made commendable progress. Yanosha is an artist in the rough. Geronimo has vanquished the intractable wheelbarrow which first defied his awkward attempts to trundle it. As willing and efficient laborers, his compatriots are promising; as herdsmen and farmers on inalienable lands allotted in severalty, they have demonstrated ability to subsist, and even to amass wealth; as traders, they are of the keenest and most acquisitive. Nothing can entice Geronimo from the prospect of a good

bargain for his wives' productions, except the assurance of more money through a different channel.

Speaking of the squaws, their costumes are startling contrasts of color; their belts are studded with silver bullion, and their cheeks liberally besmeared with red paint. They are not beauties, but who is to decide this? Their long, wavy, black hair receives the most uniquely artistic manipulation. When too populous, the whole head is encased in solid wet clay. This in due course is dried, cracked, and beaten out in dusty fragments, together with all dead occupants. They are desperate gamblers, and will risk all on the turn of a card or the hazard of a die. Difference between them and the *monde Parisienne* is not world-wide after all. The elements of noblest humanity are in women and in men. Quick to apprehend, obedient to authority, and faithful to their friends, they are worthy of higher destiny than that of exhibition as caged "tigers." They need schools, churches, education in farming and mechanic art, together with protection in full civil, religious, and educational rights as citizens.

P. S.—Since this article was written, the Chiricahuas have been removed from Fort Pickens to Mount Vernon, Ala. All were exceedingly tractable and orderly in transit, and exhibit the same characteristics in their new home.



THE CHILDREN OF ARACHNE.

(EUROPEAN SPIDERS.)

BY EMILE BLANCHARD.



GREEK legend pays a high compliment to the skillful industry of the spider in the story of the young girl of Lydia, Arachne. As is well known, Arachne was so famous for her great cunning in weaving, and so proud of her superiority in this art, that she challenged Minerva, the patroness and goddess of the loom and distaff, to a trial of skill. For this piece of presumption she was changed into a spider. Losing the gracious charms of womanhood, she retained and still retains her name and her talents.

In both hemispheres, from the torrid zone to the coldest regions of the north, the spider has her home. She is spoken of here in the feminine gender, because of her Lydian descent, and because, contrary to the order of things in the human family, the female is not weak, nor gentle, nor compliant, but of the two sexes, by all comparison, the more powerful. Hers, indeed, is an ideal preponderance of strength, ferocity, and influence, well calculated to delight the hearts of all advocates of women's rights.

Spiders are, in general, very prolific; and yet their population does not

seem sensibly to increase in certain countries. Fecundity is always in proportion to the multitude of dangers that menace individuals. These animals, skillful in setting traps for others, are liable, especially while young, to fall victims to the appetites of birds and carnivorous insects. All of them, without exception, lay eggs. From these eggs issue forth creatures possessing already the form and aspect of the parents. The mothers are almost incomparable in their solicitude, vigilance, and devotion, spiders having no feeling for anything excepting for their offspring. From the moment that the young ones are in condition to quit their mother, far from coming near her again, they separate themselves forever from her and from each other. As long as she is not taken up with the cares of maternity, the spider lives only for herself, a stranger to the existence of every other individual of her race, whom she will devour remorselessly if within her reach. In a world like hers, in very truth, there is no such thing as love. The females seem absolutely indifferent to the tender passion. If a male wishes to contract a marriage, he must proceed with the most unheard-of precautions, so deeply conscious is he of being badly received. Finally, if endowed with the requisite adroitness and agility, he will succeed in getting an embrace for an instant, and then, immediately profiting by his legs, that are no longer than those of his ferocious spouse, he will take himself off with the utmost dispatch. Poor male! he knows nothing of the joys of paternity; but doubtless he finds many occasions to renew those short moments of desperate and one-sided dalliance, for the two sexes are represented in the most unequal fashion, the females being ten or twenty times more numerous than the males.

Spiders have no voice; they have nothing to hear, no calls to answer. Accordingly, in harmony with the economy of Nature, that never wastes functions, although often recklessly wasteful of their results, spiders should discern no sounds; nor do they. This statement will astonish some; for these creatures are vulgarly believed to have a great taste for music. A pure delusion! At the sounds of violins and pianos they have often been seen to descend from cornices and ceilings, to take part in the concert, as is generally supposed. The truth is, their webs undergo

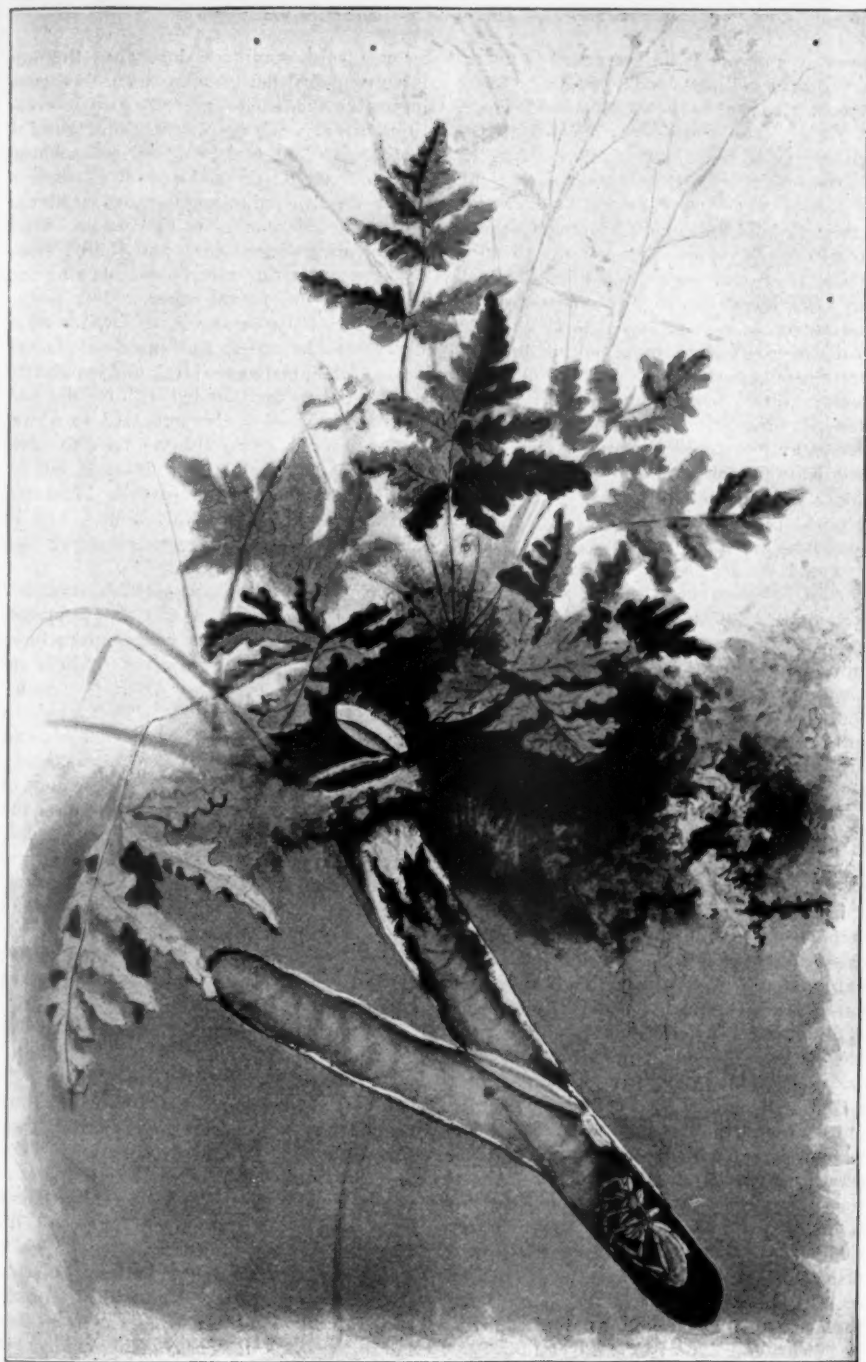
vibrations from the shock of the sound-waves, and the spinners, filled with fear, run hither and thither seeking to escape.

In front of the spider, and somewhat underneath, two large appendages project, curved horizontally, and armed at the extremity with a movable hook. These are the nippers, each of which is furnished with a poison-secreting gland, whose minute conduit ends nearly at the point of the hook. All those that have watched a spider taking a fly, will have remarked the manner in which she seizes her victim, stinging it so as to kill it before carrying it to her mouth.

Everyone knows that spiders have four pairs of legs, a fact clearly distinguishing them from insects that have only three pairs. These members are furnished with claws at the extremities, and are, in the case of the majority of the species, instruments of the most surprising perfection. The body and the limbs are covered with hair, soft down, and bristles, more or less strong. These are organs of touch, sometimes of an exquisite sensibility, and implanted in the skin; hairs, down, and bristles transmit the impressions received at the slightest contact. When the fine hairs of the spider are submitted to the microscope, a surprising discovery is made. The subtle down, that is hardly perceptible to the naked eye, is found to be fringed and barbed, precisely like the plumes of birds. In fact, they are feathers of an incomparable delicacy. The long legs, armed with claws, are of a serviceableness that leaves nothing to be desired.

At the extremity of the body are jointed and elastic tubes; their walls are solid and resisting, and they are truncated at the end, where they are covered with a membrane, perforated with holes like the surface of a sieve. Through these microscopic apertures the liquid escapes, which, when hardened by contact with the air, becomes the thread adapted to the manufacture of the web and the cocoon. This thread, therefore, so exceedingly fine in itself, is formed of innumerable strands, each of which oozes from its hole in a fluid condition, and unites with the others in a comparatively coarse filament.

Various attempts have been made to turn to economic uses the silk of spiders. In 1710, M. Bon, of Montpellier, France, took infinite pains in collecting and utilizing the silk of the different diminutive European



EUROPEAN TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

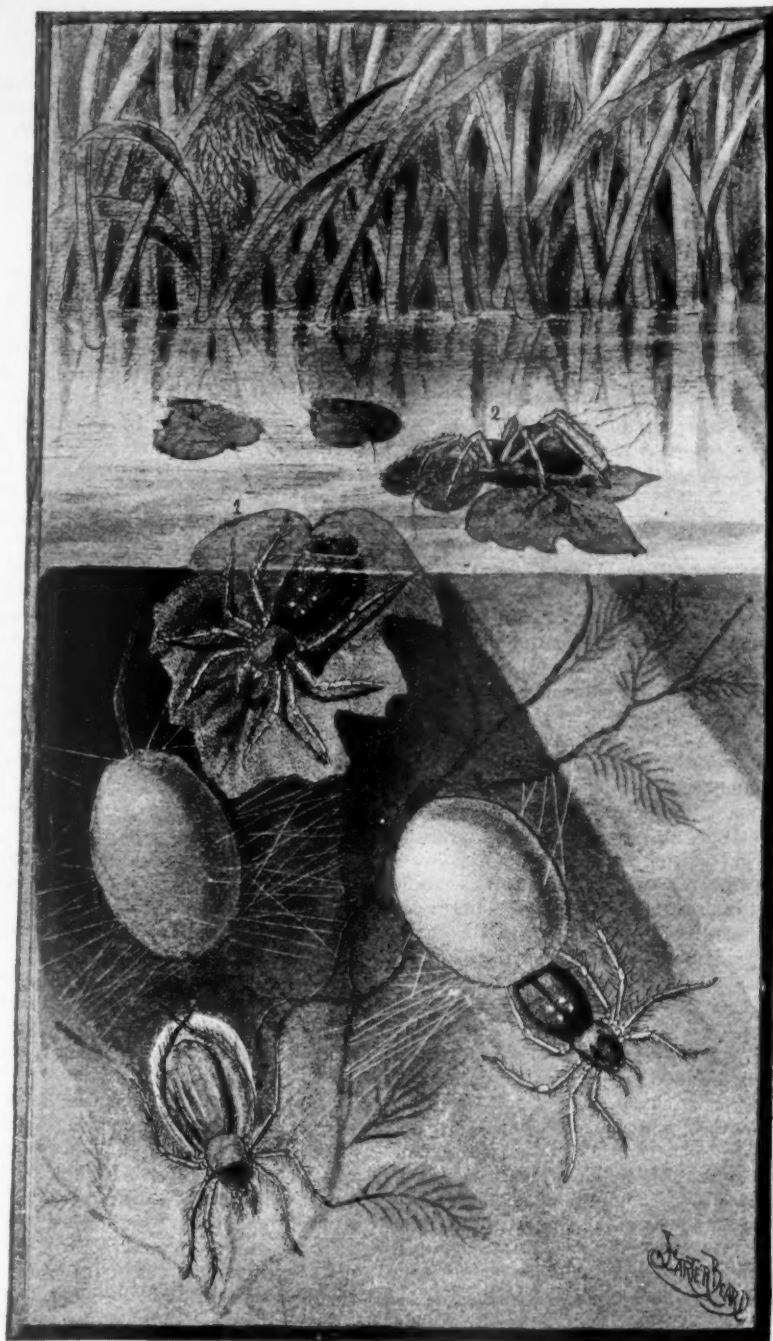
species, and from it he succeeded in manufacturing stockings and mittens. These objects were sent to the Academy of Science, at Paris. The matter was referred to the celebrated Réaumur, who declared that the Academy received with pleasure these articles as objects of curiosity, but regard for the public weal did not permit him to stop there. He first took into consideration the question whether it would not be too difficult to collect a sufficient quantity of spiders, and to nourish them in captivity. Next he seeks to discover whether the textile material is worthy of recommendation for industrial exploitation. In this connection, Réaumur sees only difficulties. He judges that all the flies in France would hardly be sufficient to feed enough spiders for the production of silk in any considerable quantity. However, recourse might be had to an infinity of other insects as a means of food. But, he asserts, it would be impossible to maintain the spiders in captivity; they would devour each other, and it would be found rather embarrassing to attempt to confine each individual to her own cell. He reckons that it would take 663,552 spiders to furnish one pound of silk; and this immense army of spinners must be of a particular species, for the web of the great majority of spiders could not be utilized.

From time to time experiments of the same kind have been made, but without any better success. Occasionally, interest has been excited in the more beautiful and more abundant material produced by the larger species of tropical countries. The silk of these creatures is soon soiled by the dust; but amateurs, wandering through the savannas of warm countries, easily find means of obtaining it in perfect purity. The spiders always have a filament hanging from their extremity. This is seized and wound around a card or a piece of wood. In this manner, quite a quantity of exquisitely fine silk may be obtained, of a brilliant yellow color. The creature, after being released, does not seem to suffer from the test. Doubtless her economy repairs quickly the loss she has undergone. By manipulating, in a similar fashion, a number of spiders, a considerable quantity of textile material may be collected, from which tiny articles for the toilet might be fabricated. More than this is hardly to be expected from spiders' silk.

On a warm summer's day, when the sun is shining brilliantly, many a curious scene meets the eye, where interesting little creatures are at work or play at the edge of a wood, with tall and beautiful trees whose bark is fissured; or in the country, where a creviced wall winds along fragrant meadows, and by the side of murmuring streams. Tiny spiders are gathered here and there: some come together in groups—manifesting no enmity the one for the other. How pretty the dainty little creatures are! With what eagerness they seek the sunniest places! Parts of their bodies are sleek and brilliantly colored; parts ornamented with regular and elegant designs, finely embossed in white, yellow, or red. The observer tries to catch one of these graceful little animals, but he has his trouble for his reward. The wee spider makes a prodigious bound, and is far away. It is a springer, belonging to a group naturalists call the *saltica*.

In the midst of the curious manifestations of Nature's workings, one is struck by certain relations of physiognomy of creatures of widely different organization. These resemblances are doubtless instinctive mimicries arising from inherited impulses to deceive an enemy, just as they deceive an inexperienced observer. Many of this family of spiders appear clothed in the costume of certain *hymenoptera*: other species have the appearance of ants. Mayhap they escape, through these disguises, the pursuit of voracious animals. At laying-time the springing spider incloses herself in her cocoon; the poorer species have no other cover for their eggs; while species a little more richly endowed inclose them in little sacs with thin and almost transparent walls.

The springers, being unable to set snares for their prey, are compelled to live by hunting. Accordingly, when the weather is bad they must fast; but when the days are propitious, issuing from their retreats, they spread themselves in every direction. They are provided with eyes occupying the whole breadth of the cephalic region (some small and some enormously large). With these organs they explore minutely the space round about. If an unfortunate gnat is seen, the spider springs upon him with lightning-like rapidity. Rarely does she miss her quarry, so expert is she in measuring her distances; but if it happens by chance that



EUROPEAN WATER SPIDERS. (*ARGYRONETA AQUATICA*.)

1. CATCHING AN AIR BUBBLE.
2. PROFILE VIEW.

3. FILLING THE NEST WITH AIR.
4. ENVELOPED IN A BUBBLE.

she is at fault, she suffers no injury, for she took the precaution to fix a silken filament at the point of departure that unrolls itself during her leap. Consequently, she does not fall to the ground, nor strike against any hard substance capable of hurting her. She is suspended in the air for an instant. She again betakes herself to the same or some other point of vantage.

Everywhere there are rich and poor; this is true equally among spiders as among men. One spider has at her disposal an immense quantity of textile material, while others produce but very little. These last, having neither the means of building houses nor setting snares, have for their only dwelling the cavities they find under stones, under dead leaves, or in the trunks of trees, and in the walls. The exigencies of life compel them to the life of huntresses. They range the country, the fallow fields scorched by the sun, and the moist meadows. Several among them frequent the borders of lakes, marshes, and water-courses, and even from the ambush of aquatic plants spring upon their prey with such wonderful agility and address that their victim rarely escapes.

The *lycosa* belong to this class. They are creatures of diminutive size and of somber color, and have nothing in their appearance to attract attention or admiration. Yet at certain times the observer will be arrested in his meditation at the view of the *lycosa* as she darts across his path and seeks to hide herself in the grass. The fragile and timid little creature carries on her darkish dress a little round bundle of a pure white color: it is the small bag containing her eggs. To make this tiny purse, the spider has expended all the silk of which she was mistress. Being a mother of the most incomparable vigilance, and having no dwelling when her eggs are laid, she weaves around them this silky covering, the cradle of her offspring that she never abandons for an instant. Should you, during your rambles, succeed in capturing a *lycosa*, and in detaching her cocoon, you will find the little creature, that under ordinary circumstances thinks only of withdrawing herself from danger, erect on her feet, with raised nippers menacing the aggressor. If the cocoon be on the ground, she is actuated by the desire of seizing upon it anon and escaping with it as quickly as possible. When the young ones are hatched,

they immediately attach themselves to the body of their mother, who thus carries her children until the day when they are sufficiently strong to follow their prey, sufficiently cunning to outwit an enemy, and sufficiently ungrateful to ignore a mother for whose tender solicitude they no longer have any use.

In southern Europe, Africa, and some parts of Asia, live large spiders of this same species. Dressed in varied and vivid colors, they wander like their congeners of cold and temperate zones. But they have the advantage over the latter of enjoying a much longer life, and also of possessing fixed dwellings. They hollow out a hole in the ground, carpeting the walls and garnishing the entrance with an entanglement of silky filaments, a kind of a barricade not to be recommended for its perfection.

One of these fine specimens of the *lycosa* is quite celebrated, without any particular merit of its own. Allusion is here made to the tarantula, which is met with frequently along the shores of the Gulf of Naples. If you point out one of these innocent creatures to a native of the country, you will see him spring back in horror, ejaculating, "The tarantula is a terrible creature; its sting produces the most fearful effects; the person stung becomes a prey to the most singular and erratic physical agitation, and a kind of delirium that would result in death, if, in the territory of Naples, where the people are all ingenious and skillful musicians, a dance had not been invented capable of curing the evil occasioned by the tarantula." Those peculiarly baneful properties attributed to the sting of the tarantula are entirely without foundation in fact. Here, another poetic illusion must needs betake itself to the limbo of exploded superstitions.

In 1747 a worthy priest, Father Lignac, recounted how, when bathing in a little river a few leagues from Mans, something very wonderful happened. "Bubbles of air," he says, "shining like polished silver, seemed to swim around me and come after me. Their free movements, controlled neither by the motion of the water nor by the lightness of the air, showed me that they were alive. But soon my surprise was changed to amazement; I saw they were big spiders, whose bodies, seen through the transparent medium, were enveloped in air."

At this time our bather did not push his discoveries any farther. Two years later, however, he devoted much diligence to the study of these admirable creatures. He found that they breathed the atmospheric air; that sometimes they climb upon aquatic plants, and run along the banks. Nevertheless, the water is almost exclusively their permanent abode, and being able to respire only air, it is necessary that they possess the art of constructing dwellings appropriate to the conditions of their existence. Man, in his pride, boasts of having invented the diving-bell; and yet this apparatus exists in nature from a period so remote that no one can even surmise the date of its invention.

A curious spectacle is offered by the water-spider, engaged in building her diving-bell. Clinging to the inferior surface of some leaves that form a kind of a vault, the spider fixes them in position by means of silken filaments; then she mounts to the surface of the water, her belly turned toward the sky; and, curving her posterior legs, she retains a small quantity of air between the hairs with which her body is clothed. Then, diving immediately, she appears in the silvery dress already mentioned. She betakes herself at once to the chosen place, and, brushing her body with her legs, the air is detached, and forms a bubble under the leaf held down by the filaments. The spider then weaves around the bubble an impermeable tissue of silk. Reascending to the surface of the sheet of water, she brings back with her another bubble of air, which is added to the first. As the bubble of air increases in size, so also is enlarged the envelope, until the diving-bell is of the requisite form and dimensions. And thus the submarine dwelling of the little naiad is achieved.

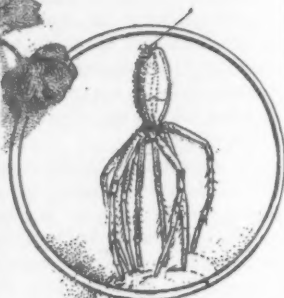
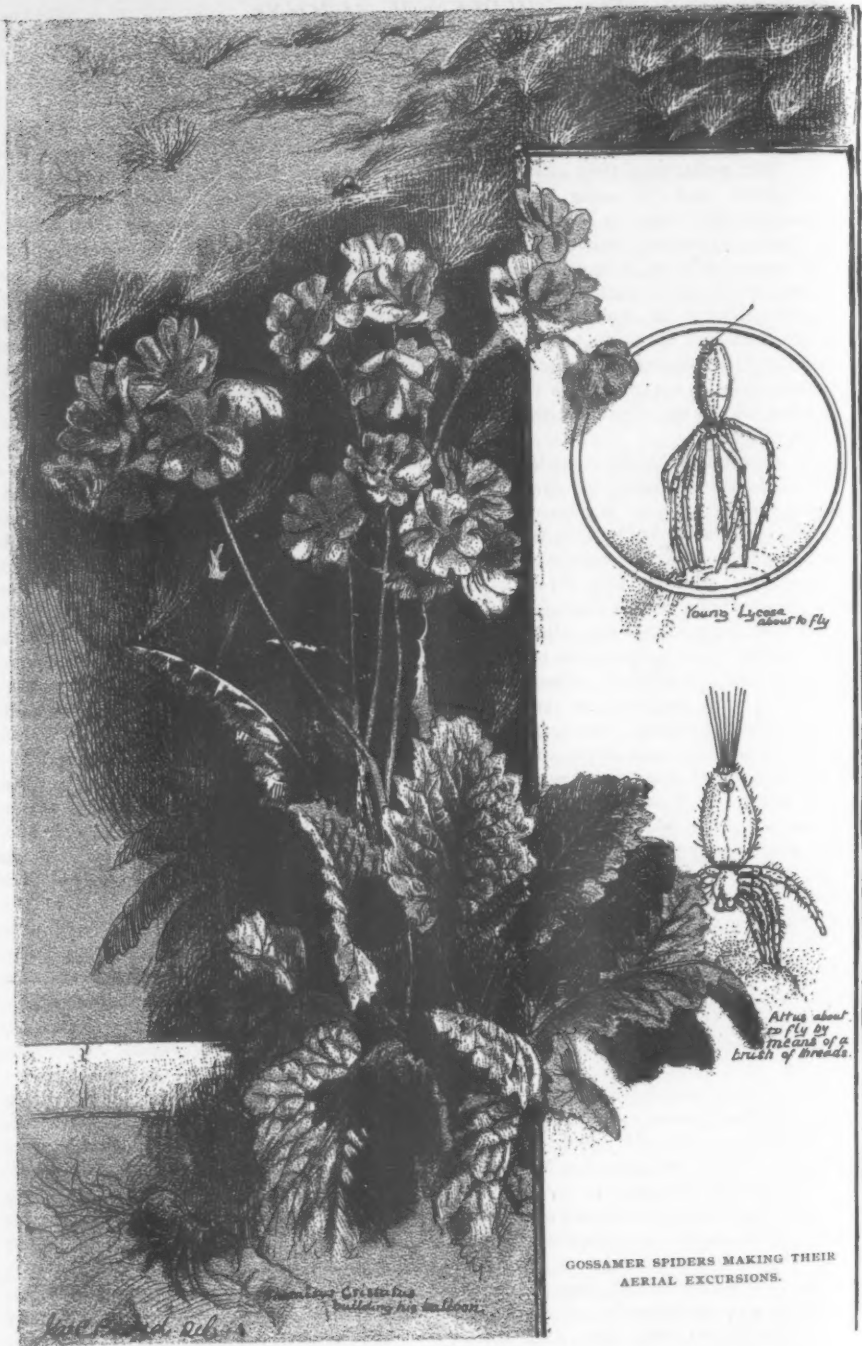
After having considered the *salica* and *lycosa* in field and wood; after having dabbled in the river or in the pond, filled with admiration for the *argyroneta*, it is but natural that we should wish to take a little rest in a small house at the entrance of the village. Here another opportunity is offered to continue our observations on the same world. In a corner of the room, under the ceiling, a large web extends, and on the web a spider, provided with long legs, stands on the watch. This is the domestic spider.

She has a pronounced taste for our dwellings, and profits by them as though people's houses were built especially for her use. She is well skilled in the art of weaving, and has at her disposal an abundant supply of material. Her web consists of a closely woven fabric. When new it is of a beautiful white color; but it becomes soon soiled with dust, and then offers a repulsive appearance, which, however, does not seem to incommode its owner. The domestic spider is timid, and she would not feel fully secure did she not possess the means of escape. In the corner of the wall a free space has been left, and by this route Dame Arachne sneaks off if she finds herself disturbed. Below the web she has a spacious hammock hanging, where she can take refuge.

At the laying season, she installs her eggs in a silken bag that she places under foreign bodies, such as bits of down and sprigs of moss, in order to hide them from the covetous longings of animals that delight in such tid-bits. During the time of incubation this excellent mother is ceaselessly on guard near her cocoon, even forgetting to take the necessary food. When the young ones have left their cradle the emaciated parent reascends into her web, and seeks reparation for her past deprivations by seizing every kind of prey that comes in her way, and incontinently devouring it. It is then that the flies fall in multitudes, and their sucked-out bodies litter the ground, and madam soon regains her pristine corpulency.

In the pleasant season of the year, on a sunny day, when the wind blows, long strings and flakes, white as snow, may be seen floating in the air. Sometimes they undulate in the breeze, covering the grass, and producing strange effects with their reflections on the green vegetation. City people, walking in the fields, and observing these filaments cling to their clothes, ask where they come from. In France, the young country maiden, when interrogated, will answer without hesitation: "They are *fil de la Vierge*"—the Holy Virgin's threads. The naturalist would say, with more truth: "They are filaments, seemingly given over to the wind's sweet will, by certain spiders that abound in the fields and meadows."

This species is called *thomisa*. These



Young *Lycosa*
about to fly



Arctus about
to fly by
means of a
brush of threads.

GOSSAMER SPIDERS MAKING THEIR
AERIAL EXCURSIONS.

J. H. R. 1868
building his balloon.

creatures, seeking their food, or engaged in their amours, haunt low plants, and even shrubs. They are diminutive of body, and they love the sunniest places. They are clad in brilliant colors, that sometimes are confounded with those of the flowers they inhabit, and through this circumstance they often escape the notice of other carnivorous animals. Their movements are abrupt and quick, and their singular crab-like gait is due to the comparatively enormous size of their bellies. They fabricate no web, but dart from their ambush upon their prey with such suddenness that they rarely fail in capturing it. The silk that they expend serves generally to transport the young ones that cling to the snow-white flakes swaying in the breeze. The *thomisa* finds shelter under stones or leaves, and in crevices. She deposits her eggs in little sacs, and bestows on them the most extreme care.

As the butterfly excels the moth in brilliancy of color, so excels the *epeira* all other spiders. They weave webs of enormous size, with large and regular meshes. Who does not know the big spiders of our parks and gardens, whose web often embraces the breadth of an entire thoroughfare? Who has not had occasion to admire the splendid appearance of the *epeira diadema*, with its reddish-yellow coat, marked in the upper part with dark lines, a sort of design resembling the cross of St. Denis?

When in wait for her prey, the *epeira* takes her position in the center of the web, with her head downward. If an insect happens to strike against the net, she precipitates herself upon it, and in a moment ties it with a thread in such a manner that there is no escape. At the end of the summer, after laying her eggs, she imprisons them in a cocoon, formed of a different kind of silk from the two sorts of textile material that constitute her net. The poor mother, that has to die in autumn, is careful to hide the cradle of her offspring in the most sheltered place she can find. The young ones are hatched out in the spring, and live together during a few weeks *en famille*; then they disperse, each to lead a hermit existence in the manner best pleasing to the daughters of Arachne.

Many brilliant species of the same spider inhabit different parts of the East Indies, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Several

of them love to establish themselves above water-courses, and here the view they offer is charming in the extreme. Imagine a peaceful river, or one angry with cataracts, bordered with luxuriant vegetation, with thickets where the most incongruous plants mingle to form a harmonious whole. Strange flowers stand out in bold relief from verdant copses; trees project their branches downward and intertwine. The *epeira* fixes her net at the summit of the great trees, extending it from bank to bank, an aerial construction of such exceeding delicacy, that the traveler, passing underneath in palanquin or pirogue, is often struck with astonishment at the view. And these fabrics sometimes succeed each other at short intervals, lending to the landscape an unexpected aspect. At the center of each web a huge spider is usually seen, either motionlessly awaiting a victim, or quivering with excitement as she seizes upon it. At certain seasons are seen globes, as yellow as gold, suspended from the aerial nets; these are the bags containing the eggs. In spreading their snares above torrents, the *epeira* are guided by the happiest instinct. In the midst of extraordinarily dense vegetation, they find vast open spaces, well adapted to the setting of their enormous webs. There, better than elsewhere, they escape voracious enemies, such as various species of *mammifers*, insects, lizards, birds, and even man, who, in the Polynesian Archipelago, considers the beautiful spinner a dainty article of food. There, too, they have the good fortune of ensnaring myriads of insects that keep their larder fully supplied.

In Madagascar, with its wealth of tropical vegetation, the *epeira* (one of the largest and handsomest of the species) builds vertical webs, attaching them to trees and shrubs by silken cords of great strength. The black *epeira* is a native of the island of Réunion. In the island of St. Maurice the golden *epeira* is found, a magnificent creature with a body nearly three inches in length, and having on the upper part of it a broad space of the most beautiful yellow relieved by two bands of black spots. The Madagascar species is devoured greedily by the natives. It is distinguished by the brilliancy of its dress. The jet black dorsal shield is surmounted by a bar of polished silver; the abdomen, where ebony, gold, and silver mingle in

THE CHILDREN OF ARACHNE.



1. HEAD OF EPEIRA.
2. TIP OF MANDIBLE.
a. Outlet of poison gland.
3. FEMALE EPEIRA DIADEMA, ENLARGED.
4. WEB OF EPEIRA DIADEMA.
5. SPINNERETS OF EPEIRA.
6. FOOT OF EPEIRA.

most harmonious coloring, and the legs, of a fire-red hue, declare it one of Nature's privileged creations.

As has been said before, among spiders in general the male, in point of size, is much inferior to the female; but it is rare to meet with so enormous a disproportion as exists between the sexes of the black and golden *epeira*. The male, when contrasted with the female, is a veritable pigmy. The question is, what chance has he when his fancy turns to amorous thoughts, and he erects his tiny tent near the vast structure of his Dulcinea?

Generally speaking, spiders take care to live away from one another; this is a matter of instinct, otherwise there would be perpetual throat-cutting and cannibalistic orgies. Woe to the more feeble or less dexterous one! Whenever two spiders meet, they are taken with a terrible yearning desire to devour each other. But to this rule is found one singular exception. In divers parts of the world a little spider called *linyphia* exists, that does not fear to attach her web to the

broad-meshed net of the *epeira*. The owner of the large web permits these parasites of a particular kind on her domain, because they catch in their nets only gnats, while she seizes the insects capable of furnishing a more abundant repast.

Certain species of spider, belonging to the "first families," live in the shade. They do not construct webs, but erect for themselves sumptuous dwellings in artfully hidden places. Their building material is of fine white silk, of which they form symmetrical tubes that serve them as almost permanent residences. The *legestria* is reckoned the handsomest individual in this group. The Florentine *legestria*, the largest species, is of a superb black color, with nippers of a brilliant emerald green. She takes up her abode under cornices, in the fissures of walls, and in the crevices of rocks. For hours she sits motionless at the entrance of her tube, watching for flies that may venture in the neighborhood. She darts upon her prey with vertiginous swiftness, entangling the insects in filamentous coils; then she retreats backward to the inmost recess of her lodging, to eat her dinner in obscure retirement. While the spiders of every other type have eight eyes, the tube-dweller has only six, another example of Nature's adaptability. She lacks the organs of vision directed backward, because living in a tube closed in the rear, she has no use for them.

The Abbé Sauvage announced to the Academy of Science of Paris in the year 1768, that he had discovered a spider whose custom it is to spread no net; but who digs a burrow like a rabbit, and adds to it a movable door.

A little previous to this, Patrick Browne came across similar burrows in Jamaica; but they were much larger, and greatly inferior as regards workmanship. In France the proprietress of those dwellings is known as the mason-spider; in England she is called the trap-door builder.

To give a proper idea of the habitations of the mason-spider, it would be well to compare the abodes of human beings that live in misery and indigence with the retreats of these industrious animals bearing the marks of affluence. In the cities of Flanders many poor families live in underground cellars. In the evening, in some obscure street, the stranger comes in contact with certain queer projections; these are cellar doors; traps that

are lifted by means of a ring, and fastened on the inside with a hook. It is a rude fastening; and when you descend by a sort of a ladder into the room below, the spectacle is heartrending. The walls are bare and moist. Fresh air and the feeble light enter only at the hours when the trap-door can be kept open. Less than a half-century ago similar cave-dwellings were numerous in the north of France, and many of them were in a worse condition even.

With these cellars of the poor Flemings, let us compare the pleasant habitation of the mason-spider. There is the same method of closing and fastening the apertures, and a similar way of descending into the domicile. However, the spider's dwelling is neat and agreeable. Exteriorly, it is concealed so perfectly that only an experienced observer can succeed in distinguishing it at the surface of the ground. There is nothing at first to make you suspect the luxury displayed in the interior. It reminds you of some wealthy Oriental's home in the narrow and tortuous streets of Damascus, or in some squalid quarter of Smyrna or Beirut. In order not to excite feelings of covetousness and rapacity, everything on the outside bears the impress of poverty, while within reign neatness and elegance. In the same manner, throughout southern Europe, hidden from the view of simple mortals, abound the constructions of the mason-spider. In compact soil, free of stones and gravel, where no infiltration is to be feared, the masons' nests are found, frequently excavated very close to each other. Each nest consists of a vertical hole, a kind of well, proportioned as to dimensions according to the size of the architect. The perfectly cylindrical tube is widened regularly toward the orifice. The walls of the narrow dwellings are tapestried with the softest satin. They look like some fairy boudoir.

But it must not be imagined that these nests remain open and their inhabitants exposed to the danger of being caught and eaten by carnivorous animals. A solid door, a trap not easily to be broken nor burst in, forms for them a surprising protection. The door is fashioned from the material thrown out during the boring of the well, the earthy particles being joined together in layers with the silky substance, of which the spider has an abundant store. Any amount of press-

ure from the outside will not cause it to yield, for it is molded in the form of a cone, so as to correspond in each part with the widened portion of the cylinder. It is rough and uneven exteriorly like the soil that surrounds it, through which means it escapes the notice of prowling enemies.

But a hinge is indispensable, and a lock is often serviceable, to a door. These advantages are recognized by the spider. The hinge, formed of compact and tightly-twisted silk, offers incredible resistance, and possesses such elasticity that the trap, when elevated, falls back invariably as soon as it is let go. That which serves as a lock or bolt is more primitive. It consists of a series of small holes, resembling needle pricks, disposed in a circle on the side opposite the hinge. When the door is lowered, it shuts with such nicety that the most delicate instrument can not be introduced between the interstices without risk of injuring it. The recluse may sleep in peace in her lair. If an enemy tries to lift the trap, however, she is immediately on the alert. Cowering in her well, she fixes her claws in the little holes and makes the most desperate efforts to hold it back. When evening comes, in the twilight or at night, by the soft light of the moon, the mason-spider steals forth from her retreat, and enters in full campaign, for she must make her living. As soon as her appetite is appeased she returns to her home, and lifting the trap with her claws, disappears in an instant.

Different mason-spiders show different grades of skill in architecture. Consequently there are among them individuals more refined, more expert, more distinguished than others. Often a nest is met

with having two doors and two vestibules. In this case, one of the doors has been condemned, and is generally permanently closed. Mogggridge says such houses have been built by young and inexperienced spiders. He relates further, that certain individuals of this group build a supplemental chamber to their dwelling in an upward direction, but not opening at the surface of the ground. This apartment is provided with a door also, connected with the principal room. In his opinion this is a means of defense; for, supposing her domicile invaded by a lizard or centipede, she can retire to the spare chamber and shut the door in the face of the intruder. Thus she secures herself against all surprises, and her voracious enemy, finding the house empty, doubtless retires much discomfited.

Although the spider is an artist of extraordinary endowments, she inspires neither the sympathy nor interest excited by insects working in common and forming communities that remind one of human associations. Always leading the life of a solitary, she seems to represent individual egotism in its most absolute sense. And yet, whether she is rich or poor, vagabond or sedentary, she is without exception a good mother. To her husband she is a "holy terror." She makes life a burden to him, when, in her personal interest, she does not end it by making a *bonne bouche* of him. But her sex and her maternity cover a multitude of sins. In the case of almost all other creatures, at least in their youth and in the season of pairing, the relations of the sexes are most intimate and deliciously pleasant. The spider offers nearly the only exception to this rule in the whole domain of nature.



JUMPING SPIDER. (*SALTICUS SCENICUS*.)

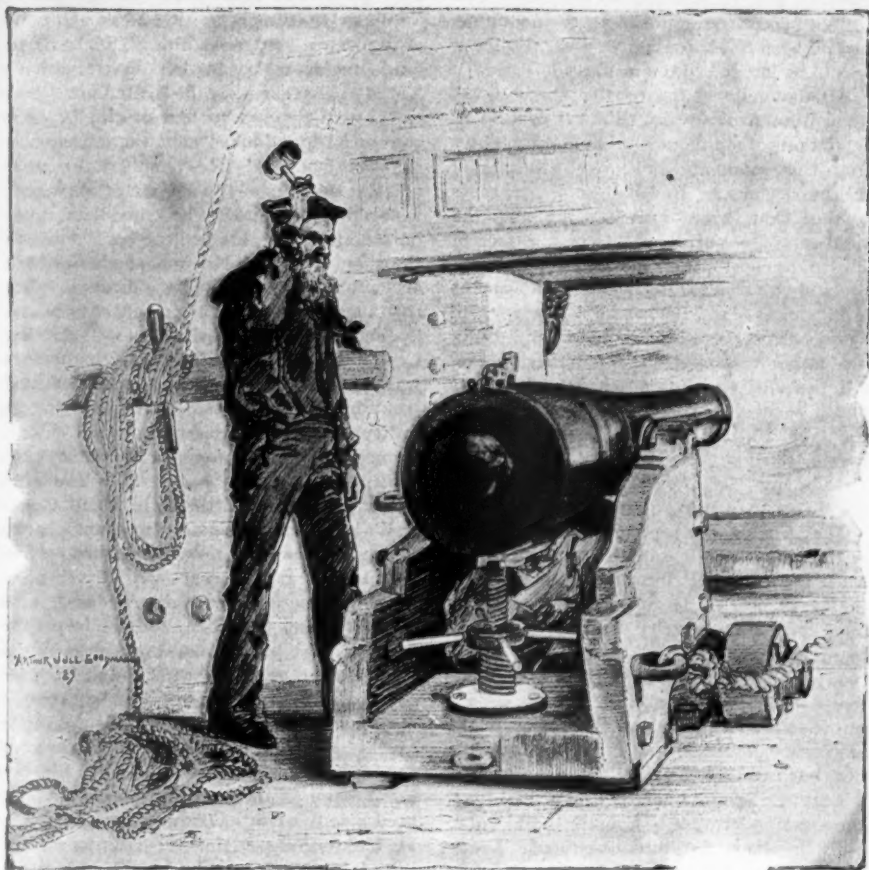
1. FEMALE, ENLARGED.

2. MALE, ENLARGED.

3. PALPS OF THE MALE.

4. FOOT, FROM THE SIDE.

5. FOOT FROM BELOW WITH SCOPULA.



THE MURDER OF PHILIP SPENCER.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

PART III. (CONCLUSION.)

THE grim consistency of the closing scene, as outlined by the commander's artless pen, no imagination could picture. Let it be remembered always, that of all the investigation, examination of witnesses, discussion of their fate, exaggerated terrors, the three prisoners were utterly ignorant. All communication with the crew had been cut off. They had been told that they were to be taken home for trial. So little idea of his danger had Spencer, and so irrepressible was his love of fun, that, in spite of the close

guard, he would contrive sometimes to snatch a laugh with a comrade by shaking his manacled hands, or knocking his ironed feet together. Cromwell was reading *The Penny Magazine*. McKinley, one of the Wednesday prisoners, says he thought when the commander came up, arrayed in his full uniform, that they were going to speak a ship!

But he had another errand.

In all his pomp of gold trappings, he advanced to the unsuspecting and unfearing

Spencer, and, in swelling but dismally intelligible speech, announced to Spencer that he had been tried, convicted, sentenced, and was to be hanged in ten minutes!

All that relieves the terrible shadow cast upon human nature by this sad drama, all it contains of manhood or of humanity, dates from this moment; and every glimmer of firmness, courage, unselfishness, greatness of soul, that in any measure lights up the somber stage, shines out from the face of Philip Spencer. Not a "good boy," not probably always a dutiful son, by no means a blameless lad, the sudden presence of death stirred instantly in blood and brain his father's strength, his mother's love. All the folly, weakness, wickedness, of his youth seemed to cleave off from him, and the true Philip Spencer came forth, the heroic soul he was born to be, glorified already by the light shining upon him through the opening gates of death.

The startled boy reverted instantly to his religious faith. He sank in tears upon his knees—not to beg for mercy; he showed no fear of death. He only said, with entire simplicity and sincerity, that he was not fit to die, that he wished to live longer to get ready. The commander's false and heartless answer he does not put into his report, but it comes out, cruel as the grave, in the testimony of witnesses: "I know you are not, but I can not help it."

Leaving Spencer on his knees in prayer, the commander went to Cromwell and Small with the same dire announcement. Cromwell, he says, fell upon his knees completely unmanned, protested his innocence, and invoked the name of his wife. Others who heard testify more graphically that Cromwell fell instantly upon his knees crying, "God of the universe, look down upon me! Look down upon my wife! I am innocent. Never such a thought came into my head." All agree that in this awful moment his one thought was of his wife and of his innocence.

Spencer heard the agonized appeal, and simply and nobly forgot his own soul's danger to come to Cromwell's help with the solemn assurance, "As these are the last words I have to say, I trust they will be believed—Cromwell is innocent."

The commander confesses that he was staggered—proving how little confidence he had in the trial. With the gallows ready

and the victims summoned, the case was so uncertain that the repetition of an assertion of innocence staggered him. Did he delay punishment, make further investigation? Not at all. He sent for the lieutenant. That clever gentleman, who had originally been convinced by a look, "said there was not a shadow of doubt." He consulted the petty officers, the purser, the surgeon, the twenty-year-old midshipmen who considered gunners' mates' thoughts and cot-boys' suppositions evidence. "He was condemned by acclamation by the petty officers." The case then remained exactly as it was before. Spencer had repeated what he first said, that Cromwell was innocent, and the commander was staggered. The petty officers repeated what they had before said, that Cromwell was guilty, and the commander was stiffened. Immediately thereupon he went back to Philip Spencer, and began to rehearse, if not invent, some tittle-tattle about Cromwell's intentions ultimately to cheat Spencer. Spencer's time was now diminished to five minutes, as he believed—wrongly, indeed, for the commander willfully deceived. He meant to hang him, but evidence before the court-martial proves as strongly as moral certainty can be proved, that the commander did not mean to hang him in ten minutes; did mean to wrench from him in the terror of the sudden ten-minutes' announcement something that would better serve him for justification in the hanging than he had yet been able to extort. Spencer made no reply. He had nothing to confess; the moment was too solemn for him to be interested in tittle-tattle. This silence the monstrous commander calls an "admission of Cromwell's guilt," and immediately invents several theories to explain Spencer's avowal of Cromwell's innocence, not one of which had the slightest foundation outside his own flimsy but infernally fertile imagination. Small, he says, "whom we had set down as the poltroon of the three," was the only one of the three who received his fate with composure, only saying, "I have nobody to care for me but my poor old mother, and I would rather that she should not know how I have died." This slur upon the courage of his victims is not borne out by his own narrative. Spencer's agitation and tears were but natural to his extreme youth and his higher sensibilities, and were in no way discredit-

able to him. But he conquered even that, and bore himself throughout with calmness and dignity.

Then, having failed to induce Spencer to criminate either himself or Cromwell by stirring up jealousy between them, the commander tried to extort a confession on pretext of sending a message to his parents. "I informed Mr. Spencer that if he had any word to send to his parents, it should be recorded and faithfully delivered." He reports that Spencer refused to send even a message until earnestly solicited to do so by himself.

A sinister fact came to light in the court-martial. Spencer not only did not decline to send a message to his parents, he wished to write to them himself; took a pen in his hand; could not write, being handcuffed; the commander did not remove the handcuffs, but wrote himself. Thus Spencer could not write to his own father and mother a dying message. Everything had to pass through the commander's hands. No one was permitted to be near enough to hear what Spencer said. No one will ever in this world know what Spencer said, for the commander wrote what he chose. And what he wrote, promising faithfully to send to Spencer's parents, he never sent! He suppressed the paper entirely. He wrote a paraphrase of it, leaving out and putting in exactly what he pleased, and imbedded this in his report to the Secretary of the Navy; but neither to the Secretary of the Navy nor to Spencer's father did he make any mention of any such paper, or of Spencer's having dictated any writing. He never intimated such an occurrence at all until the examination of his own nephew elicited it. Then the commander came up to the judge-advocate and said:

"Why do you ask this question about Mr. Spencer's not being able to write in irons? He declined to write."

"Yes, sir," the judge-advocate replied, "but I am told he afterward dictated to you what to write."

"He said," repeated the commander, "that he did not wish to write."

"Yes, sir," persisted the judge-advocate, "but I am told he afterward dictated to you what to write."

"Yes, he did!" was the commander's answer.

"Then," repeated the judge-advocate, "he did dictate to you what to write?"

"Yes, he did," was the commander's answer; "*the substance of it is in my report—my official report.*"

"What is that?" exclaimed the president of the court, suddenly waking to the importance of this admission.

"The commander," replied the judge-advocate, "says Mr. Spencer did dictate to him what to write."

This caught also the attention of the commander's counsel, who was startled into the same question as the president, "What is that?" The judge-advocate repeated the commander's admission; but Mr. Sedgwick, his counsel, recovered himself meanwhile, and turned it off with a careless "What has that to do with this examination?"

This paper, which the commander did write at Spencer's dictation, and which he utterly suppressed until an avowal of its existence was extorted from him by the court-martial, was not even a truthful transcript of Spencer's words. It skips from first person to second or third, at random. It gives catch words, scraps of argument, the commander's talk, incoherent phrases, more than Mr. Spencer's messages. A good deal of it—more than half—*was not written till after Spencer's death*. The last words he records of Spencer are, "I am afraid this will injure my father." Then the commander stops a few moments, hangs Spencer, and jots down a few more items, such as, "Be the death of my poor mother." He was in such haste to hang the boy that he could not even take that boy's tender words for his mother from his own lips, but hanged him first and jotted them down from memory afterward. But he had plenty of time to put down his own false and insulting words to Spencer, as if Spencer had dictated them. Yet truth is so divine and eternal, so independent of effort to destroy or uphold it, that it can be precipitated from this hideous narrative, aided by the sinister and suppressed paper, almost as pure and clear as if truth had been the original intent.

"Tell them I die wishing them every blessing and happiness." It was not the message of an abandoned, but of an affectionate soul. It was the word of love steadfast in that most trying hour, and neither shaken nor embittered by the contrast of his own fate with that of the beloved at home, nor frenzied with the anguish of knowing

that a few hours might put him under their safe protection, yet those few hours were denied.

"I deserve death for this and many other crimes. There are few crimes I have not committed." This is the commander's rendering of Spencer's words into a "confession." It is ridiculously false on the face of it; a stupid and silly invention.

In the suppressed paper, which the commander wrote squat like a toad close at the ear of Spencer, he had written "deserved death for this and other sins." It was in his report, made up afterward at leisure on shore, that he changed sins to crimes. A sin is not a crime. To confess a sin is not to confess a crime. In the suppressed paper not a word is spoken of the few crimes he had not committed. The father of lies put it into the commander's report for the Secretary of the Navy, but at the same time brought over the disproof to his condemnation. Proof: "I asked him if there was any one he had injured to whom he could yet make reparation, any one who was suffering obloquy for crimes which he had committed. He made no answer, but soon after continued: 'I have wronged many persons, but chiefly my parents!'"

The judgment day can not show more clearly what was in his mind, what he was confessing, of what he was repenting. He certainly had not committed murder and mutiny against his parents. He had sinned, not committed crime, against his parents. He had been a wayward boy. That is the very worst that can be said of him; that was the very worst that he could think up against himself in the stern sincerity of death. It was the self-upbraiding of an affectionate, well-taught, wild, and reckless lad. Only malignant idiocy could call it the confession of a pirate. The commander might just as sensibly, to use Governor Seward's figure, have charged a deer with ravaging a sheep-fold, as have attempted to fasten many death-deserving crimes on this eighteen-year-old boy. In a moment he added, "This will kill my poor mother." Still it was not of himself, his doom in this world, his danger in another, that he thought. "I was not before aware that he had a mother," Satan permits the commander to proclaim in fatuous self-defense against some self-prompting accusation of

conscience. Philip Spencer was son and grandson of eminent men—men who had rendered eminent service to their country—and his commander had brought him to death's door without so much as ascertaining whether there were a mother's heart to break.

When recovered from the pain of this announcement, the sensitive murderer returned to the torture, vexing Spencer's last moments with futile theories of the lad's intentions; to all which Spencer apparently paid small heed, but showed what anxiety was ever uppermost in his mind by replying only, "I fear this will injure my father." The "mutiny" occupied so small a place in his thoughts that his attention could not be hammered down to it. Not even the horror impending over himself made long impression. It was the injury to his father, the pain to his mother, that haunted him. Worse sins than ever Philip Spencer committed would be amply atoned for in a father's and a mother's heart by this simple and touching fidelity at so awful an hour.

The commander's extraordinary reply to Spencer's exclamation furnishes a damning proof of his own guilt:

"I told him it was almost too late to think of that . . . that, had it been possible to have taken him home as I intended to do, *it was not in nature that his father should not have interfered to save him*—that for those who have friends or money in America there was no punishment for the worst of crimes . . . that it would injure his father a great deal more, if he got home alive, should he be condemned and yet escape; the best and only service he could do his father was to die."

But the reason alleged to Government for the execution of Spencer at sea instead of bringing him ashore for trial was the danger of piracy and rescue arising from the desperation of the mutineers. "The execution," says the commander, "only took place when the daily and hourly increasing insubordination of the crew rendered it imperatively necessary. By their removal [in the fastidious substitution of that word for the coarser term *murder*, anticipating Guiteau by forty years] the motive to a rescue, capture, and carrying out of the original design of piracy was at once taken away."

How idle was this plea of necessity arising



THE SIGNAL FOR THE HANGING.

from increasing insubordination is shown by the flimsy pretext on which the four leading insubordinates were arrested. They must have been the worst—and against them was nothing. After the execution the commander turned to them, as they testify, and said "he could not find anything against us; if he could, our fate would have been the same as the other three," and now the commander himself confirms the testimony of the boys. If Spencer knew that he only needed to get home to be cleared, whence was the desperation to arise which was to precipitate a rescue? The commander's own statement shows that his hurry arose not from a fear of losing his own life, but of saving Spencer's, by delay! He conveyed to the hapless victim what must have been the agonizing conviction that if he could but get home, he would be safe.

And it disposes at once and forever of any plea that the commander *at the time* had reason for believing there was a mutiny. It proves that the commander *at the time* could find no reason for believing there was a mutiny. It shows that the commander, *at the time of the hanging of the men*, admitted that he could find nothing against those whose arrest caused the hanging.

In what connection and for what purpose, we are left to conjecture; but Spencer is reported to have said that he had the same project on board the *John Adams* and the *Potomac*. So far as this proves anything it proves that the *Somers* was not in danger. No harm had come to those vessels from these "scaring stories." No mutiny had ever been developed or detected on their decks.

A remarkable indication of the boy's clear-headedness at this trying moment the commander unwittingly gives, and in giving, adds another proof of his own untrustworthiness. In his report before the court-martial he says: "He read over what I had written down: I had stated hurriedly in the third person, 'He excused himself by saying that he had entertained the same idea on the *John Adams* and *Potomac*.' He asked that that might be corrected—'I did not offer it as an excuse, I only stated it as a fact.'"

The whole trial had not shown on the part of those who tried him so keen and just a discrimination. Standing on his gallows, with a rope around his neck, there was more

calm common sense in his boy's brain than in the whole bevy of officers around him.

But the commander says, "He read over what I had written down." This is partially and practically false. The writing was so "hurried," the commander was in such a panic, that much of the writing could not be made out by all the learning and leisure of the court-martial, and a good deal of what is made out is so higgledy-piggledy as to be incomprehensible. It is not likely that Spencer, waiting to be hanged, with the commander at his side hurrying to hang him, could decipher what baffled the court-martial. In this case the word "excused" is undecipherable in the suppressed paper, is represented by a blank, and appears only in the report supplied by the commander. If the commander had to supply it to the court he must have had to supply it to Philip Spencer. How much more he supplied we do not know. The only word he reports himself to have supplied, he supplied wrong.

Another proof the commander furnishes, that Spencer, young as he was, had not inherited in vain the blood of his father and his grandfather. In the sudden presence of ignominious death, he was calm enough to detect something of the illegality of his doom. "Have you not formed an exaggerated estimate of the extent of this conspiracy?" he asked. It must be remembered that Spencer never knew what we know about the commander's investigations, the phantoms created by his fears. He only surmised them at this last moment. He did not know the wild terrors that chased each other through the officers' brains. He had been sitting in irons, in bags, forbidden to speak on pain of death, knowing nothing of what was going on. His questions could do no good, but it is interesting to know that he was intelligent and collected enough to ask them.

"Are you not going too far; are you not fast?—does the law *entirely* justify you?" he pertinently persisted.

It is marvelous that the commander should have left on record these pregnant questions and his own brutal answer. Some passages it is certain that he left out, and there is a moral certainty that they were declarations of innocence. Witnesses before the court-martial testify that after the executions, the

commander, in his speech to the survivors, declared that Spencer had died with a lie in his mouth; that he had lied to him half an hour before his death. In his report he dares make no such assertion. It is possible he saw the bearing of such assertions. What were these lies of Spencer's? In giving his detailed account of Spencer's last moments why does he not give these palpable lies, which would enhance his guilt? Because they were not lies but truths. Because they were protestations of innocence which might indeed comfort the stricken parents, but would add to the danger that the commander seems ever to have felt at his own throat.

The commander's testimony of Spencer's dying declaration that his punishment was just, is to be read in the light of all these facts. He had laid down the law that mutiny, even in joke, was a capital offense. Mutiny in joke they confessed first, last, and all the time, and never anything else. Spencer seems to have had doubts of the legality of this alleged law, but he had no time and no power to enforce them. Small, more ignorant, submitted without demur. His dying words confirm this theory.

Beneath the rope he said: "Shipmates, take warning by my example. I never was a pirate. I never killed a man; it's for saying that I would do it that I am about to depart this life. See what a word will do."

Cromwell had not been guilty even of so much as words. He was a man, the commander says, of excellent education. His handwriting was even elegant. He was married and was thirty-five years old, a navigator, and understood his business. He had often taught Spencer seamanship. He knew nothing about Spencer's jokes. With a sensible, intelligent man twice his age, Spencer had not thought of inventing a practical joke.

The lieutenant also swore that Cromwell, at the last moment, declared his innocence, and asked him to forgive him! For what, if he were innocent? The lieutenant, confronted with the question at the court-martial, could think of nothing but "that he meditated taking my life." But the lieutenant not only makes his victims declare their innocence and ask pardon for guilt in the same breath, but he maintained, in safety on shore, that when he shook hands

with Cromwell, going to the gallows, he thought Cromwell meant to drag him overboard! Handcuffed, foot-bound, with an armed officer on each side of him, and death before him, Cromwell's nervous grasp frightened the lieutenant quite out of his wits. "Do you now believe," asked the judge-advocate, with a deliberate scorn that curls and crisps through all the accumulated dust of seven and forty years, "that when he grasped your hand while in the gangway, with the whip [rope] about his neck, and then protesting his innocence and asking your forgiveness, he had any design of drawing you overboard?"

"I think," says the bewitched lieutenant, "that he had some intention of that sort, and I think the two petty officers *who were holding him* were of the same opinion, and I thought how I should get on board again if he did take me over."

Could craze of cowardice go further?

Another significant touch the commander reveals without suspecting it. He asked Spencer the cause of "the hatred which he had conceived for me, and of which I had only recently become aware." For the first time in his life probably the commander had heard himself called in frank delineation, "a damned old humbug." He had evidently pursued his career thus far under the delusion that he was a commander, a writer, an orator, and—as Cromwell had been supposed to refer to him when he wished ill to the "lacings and the d—d fool that invented them"—an inventor. He was about to take the grim revenge of hanging the men who had derided him; and Spencer, with nothing to fear from frankness, had still the dying grace to combine courtesy with truth and say, "It was only a fancy; perhaps there might have been something in your manner which offended me." Philip Spencer had sprung from an ancestry of real men, and no doubt the commander's conceit and bombast often drove him wild. It is in evidence that he was always deferential and respectful to the commander.

Spencer, the commander says, was as calm as at any moment of his life. With a little pathetic touch of boyish bravado, that only shows how really young he was, he called upon the lieutenant to bear witness that he died like a brave man. Better still, he died like a Christian man. With

repentance and confession of sin, with prayer to God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, with good will to all, and long lingering love and blessing to his father and mother, he took his fatal stand beneath the fatal rope. He had asked to give, himself, the signal of his execution, but the poor boy had miscalculated his strength. He sent to the commander that he could not do it. I am glad that he did not do it. Let the whole bitter burden of guilt rest on the commander, who could. He was well furnished with that cruel and cowardly courage that dares to look on torture, and durst not look on war. He gave the word, and the unspeakable crime was accomplished.

Little remains to tell. That little is horrible. While the bodies were still pulsing with late life, the commander ordered the crew to give three cheers, and called their fear-stricken obedience patriotism.

With the bodies still hanging, the crew were piped down to dinner.

Under cover of night, scarcely broken by the dim lantern-light, the dead were consigned to the un pitying waters, and the crime-freighted brig went on her homeward way with a heavier burden than ever before stanch ship was called to bear.

Of his various pious speeches to such of the crew as he had not murdered, the commander gave long and detailed report; but one thing he did not report. It was drawn out by questions before the court-martial, and it is as damning as any feature of this most damning crime.

After the execution he had rummaged the effects of his victims, and had found Small's Bible, and in it a copy of verses, and a letter from his aged mother filled with expressions of love and pious counsels. In public, to the whole ship's crew for public worship assembled, on the Sunday after the execution, he read this mother's letter to her son, and as she was a poor friendless woman he dared to state the fact in his report. He dared not and did not state that he read also in the same presence a letter from Philip Spencer's mother to her son. One of the commander's own witnesses blurted it out before the court-martial.

Even the commander saw that this was more than he could support, and the next day he questioned the witness.

"Do you recollect whether the commander said anything to the crew, as to his object in reading the letters?"

"Yes, sir; he said he would read them to them, *to show the character of the young man* who had either led them astray, or tried to do so."

But the most docile court-martial ever summoned seems to have been uneasy under this revelation.

The commander could not rest. Philip Spencer's mother was the wife of the Secretary of War. He could not read to a rough ship's crew her private letters with the impunity which might attend a similar outrage upon an unknown widow like poor old Mrs. Small. He presently had the witness up again.

"Do you know whether it was the object of the commander, in reading those letters, to assist in restoring the crew to their duty?"

"I think he stated that that was his object."

Still, a public opinion which tolerated the murder seems unable to tolerate the reading of those letters; the public dishonored this draft upon a mother's love to help control a ship, when that mother was the wife of a high government officer. The wretched commander labored a day or two longer, and then brought forth his mouse.

"May it please the Court:

"Testimony having been elicited as to certain private letters of Midshipman Spencer, which were read to the crew of the *Somers*, with a view of disabusing their minds concerning the individuals who had been instrumental in seducing them from their fidelity, . . . I respectfully submit to the Court the following official letter, explanatory of the circumstances under which these letters came into my possession."

This letter was simply an order of search to the officers, "for the purpose of detecting, if possible, at how early a date Spencer had formed the design of creating a mutiny on board this vessel, capturing her, and converting her into a pirate"—a very laudable purpose if it had been adopted before the sentence had been determined instead of three days after its execution.

"When you come to any from his immediate family, you will carefully avoid perusing any mere domestic details, and glance onward to observe if there be any allusion to

the previous crimes of the deceased, or cautions against his vicious propensities."

Were anything wanting to complete the commander's infamy, it would be furnished by this testimony. Three days after Spencer's death, when no evidence is of any avail, letters officially searched for evidence of piracy, and found to contain no such evidence whatever, are publicly read to the ship's crew for the purpose of blackening the reputation of the man who has been three days dead; and a loving, anxious mother's tender, warning advice and exhortation to her boy are made by this fiendish hand to be the instrument of assail.

Another circumstance seems incredible, but it is in the record plain and clear. In the same paper, written only nineteen days after the murder of Philip Spencer, in which the commander notifies the Navy Department of his crime, he has the amazing effrontery to ask promotion for the officers who advised its commission, just as if they had been returning victorious from some great battle; and he especially singles out his nephew to be promoted to the place made vacant by the execution of Philip Spencer!

Can even the God of the Ten Commandments require us to honor our fathers when we learn that they granted this request?

The final, and of itself a conclusive, proof of the commander's guilt and Spencer's innocence was furnished only after the ship had been four months on shore.

The men and boys who had been brought home in irons, and those who had been arrested and ironed after the ship's arrival, were still awaiting trial. To justify the execution of Spencer, Small, and Cromwell, the four whose arrest caused their death should have been tried and condemned. Anything less than this would be the condemnation of the commander.

Not one of these men was ever so much as brought to trial. Not one of these accused did the commander dare to face! His own trial was concluded on the 28th of March. The verdict was only of murder "not proven" against him, but it slipped the noose from his neck, where it had been four months tormenting him. The court remained in session till April 1, 1843. The prisoners were arraigned in court that day, ready for trial. All the evidence that had

hanged Spencer held equally good against them. There was more against them than the three executed men. They were the ringleaders of the insubordination which had made it impossible to bring Spencer ashore for trial. They were arrested after all eyes had been open to the mutiny. They were the ones whose arrest was Spencer's death-warrant. They were here in open court to be tried, not like their comrades, by seven ignorant men and boys, but by a legal tribunal.

The commander dared not meet the issue. He dared not face those poor sailor boys before the law. He dared not even so much as bring a charge against them. The accusations on which he had hanged men at sea were too flimsy to pronounce on shore. The irons of his prisoners clanked before the Court, but the commander was not there. The Court made inquiry, and found that he was at his country seat thirty miles' distance! The ghastly joke was played out. The grimmest of April fools had run away.

The guilty mutineers, whose arrest had made three executions imperative, were instantly set free without a trial! The law did but breathe upon them, and chains and charges fell off as flax withers in the fire, and they went out into the world free men with untarnished names. So would have gone Philip Spencer and his two comrades, if the commander's murderous hand could have been stayed for four and twenty hours, till a friendly port could have proffered safe shelter and a country's legal defense.

Only once does the commander emerge from the dishonorable seclusion to which his executions banished him. Five years afterward, President Polk, taking thus to himself a share of the disgrace which must ever attach to all who helped to cover this awful crime, sent the commander on a secret mission to Santa Anna, in Havana, to procure peace with Mexico. His diplomacy was on a par with his justice, but Santa Anna was not a helpless boy on an isolated ship. He was in a position which permitted him to turn the "d—d old humbug" out of doors, and he did it—politely, but promptly—exclaiming to his secretary, in a burst of impatience:

"Porque el Presidente me ha enviado este tente?"

("Why has the President sent me this fool?")

By the appalling power of rant and cunning, stimulated to untiring ingenuity at the stern demand of self-preservation, appealing to religious sentiment and democratic principle, appropriating judicial machinery, and applying the public press, the American people were induced to adopt this murder as their own.

Some voices were raised against it, but they were cried down as being raised for political purposes and against a Christian gentleman. Colonel Benton and Fenimore Cooper wrote clear and conclusive treatises, examining and condemning the commander's course. Charles Sumner—alas!—with a disregard of facts discreditable either to his intelligence or to his integrity, eulogized the commander in *The North American Review*. The *New York Tribune* went astray speaking lies as soon as the *Somers* came into port, and the multitude of newspapers followed it to do evil, till poor Spencer's character was as foully murdered on shore as his body had been at sea. Never was the wrong-headedness of the press more signally and grievously illustrated. The name and fame of Spencer was indeed as irretrievable as his life.

To the high-bred boy, to the two lowly

men whose lives were destroyed, whose reputation was stabbed, whose memory was desecrated, this country owes what partial amends the rolling years have left. Forever and forever, as long as America has a history, will those three

"Friendless bodies of unburied men"

swing and sway from the creaking cordage, an accursed weight before the world, sad ghosts upon the seas, until a juster age shall remove them with sorrowful, sympathetic hands, to lay them in the consecrated sail of a nation's penitence.

In the name of every man who holds life sacred, character inviolable; who believes it the duty of the State to defend all her citizens, and especially those who through weakness of youth or poverty can not defend themselves; in the name of every wife of an absent husband, every mother of a wayward son; in the name of every soul in whom love of justice survives—I pray the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, the Houses of Congress, I pray to all who are in authority, by whatever public act may be necessary or whatever public record possible, to redeem the names of the boy Philip Spencer and the men Cromwell and Small from the black shadow in which they have been so long and so cruelly enshrouded, and to cleanse from our historic page the deepest stain that ever marred its purity.



WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



WHEN I was a little girl (oh! six most charming words!)—it is not necessary to name the year, but it was so long ago that children were still reminded that they should be seen and not heard, and also that they could eat what was set before them or go without: two maxims that suggest a hoary antiquity of time not easily measured by the senses—when I was a little girl, I had the great good fortune to live in a country village.

I believe I always had a taste for books; but I will pass over that early period where I manifested it by carrying them to my mouth, and endeavored to assimilate their contents by the cramming process; and also that later stage, which heralded the dawn of the critical faculty, perhaps, when I tore them in bits and held up the tattered fragments with shouts of derisive laughter. Unlike the critic, no more were given me to mar; but, like the critic, I had marred a good many ere my vandal hand was stayed.

As soon as I could read I had free access to an excellent medical library, the gloom of which was brightened by a few shelves of theological works, bequeathed to the family

by some orthodox ancestor, and tempered by a volume or two of Blackstone; but outside of these, which were emphatically not the stuff my dreams were made of, I can only remember a certain little walnut bookcase hanging on the wall of the family sitting-room.

It had only three shelves, but all the mysteries of love and life and death were in the score of well-worn volumes that stood there side by side, and we turned to them, year after year, with undiminished interest. The number never seemed small, the stories never grew tame; when we came to the end of the third shelf we simply went back and began again,—a process all too little known to latter-day children.

I can see them yet, those rows of shabby and incongruous volumes, the contents of which were transferred to our hungry little brains. Some of them are close at hand now, and how I love their ragged corners, their dog's-eared pages that show the pressure of childish thumbs, and their dear old backs, broken in my service!

There was a red-covered "Book of Snobs;" "Vanity Fair" with no cover at all; a brown copy of George Sand's "Teverino;" and next it a green Bailey's "Festus," which I only attacked when mentally rabid, and a little of which went a surprisingly long way; and then a maroon "David Copperfield," whose pages were limp with my kisses. (To write a book that a child would kiss! Oh, dear reward! oh, sweet, sweet fame!)

In one corner—spare me your smiles—was a fat autobiography of P. T. Barnum, given me by a grateful farmer for saving the life of a valuable Jersey calf just as she was on the point of strangling herself. This book so inflamed a naturally ardent imagination, that I was with difficulty dissuaded from entering the arena as a circus manager. Considerations of age or sex had no weight with me, and lack of capital eventually proved the deterrent force. On the shelf above were "Kenilworth," "The Lady of the Lake," and half of "Rob Roy." I have always hesitated to read the other half, for fear that it should not end precisely as I made it end when I was forced, by necessity, to sup-

plement Sir Walter Scott. Then there was "Gulliver's Travels," and if any of the stories seemed difficult to believe, I had only to turn to the maps of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, with the degrees of latitude and longitude duly marked; and these always convinced me that everything was fair and above board. Of course, there was a great green and gold Shakespeare. Not a properly expurgated edition for female seminaries, either, nor even prose tales from Shakespeare adapted to young readers, but the real thing. We expurgated as we read, child fashion, taking into our sleek little heads all that we could comprehend or apprehend, and unconsciously passing over what might have been more hurtful, perhaps, at a little later period. I suppose we failed to get a very close conception of Shakespeare's colossal genius, but we did get a tremendous and lasting impression of force and power, life and truth.

When we declaimed certain scenes in an upper chamber with sloping walls and dormer windows, a bed for a throne, a cotton umbrella for a scepter, our creations were harmless enough. If I remember rightly, our nine-year-old Lady Macbeths and Iagos, Falstaffs and Cleopatras, after they had been dipped in the divine alembic of childish innocence, came out so respectable that they would not have raised the historic "blush to the cheek of youth."

On the shelf above the Shakespeare were a few things presumably better suited to childish tastes, — Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," Kingsley's "Water Babies," and Miss Edgeworth's "Rosamond."

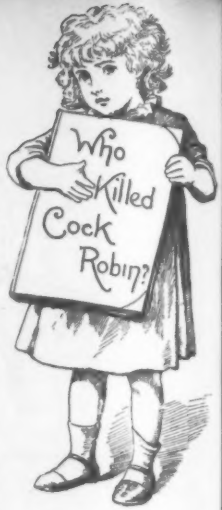
There were also two little tales given us by a wandering revivalist, who was on a starring tour through the New England villages, "How Gussie Grew in Grace," and "Little Harriet's Work for the Heathen," — melodramatic histories of spiritually perfect and physically feeble children, who blessed the world for a season, and died young; enlivened by a few pages devoted to completely vicious and adorable ones who lived to curse the world to a good old age.

Last of all, brought out only on state occasions, was a most seductive edition of that nursery Gaboriau, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" with colored illustrations in which the heads of the birds were made to move oracularly, by means of cunningly arranged

strips pulled from the bottom of the page. This was a relic of infancy, our first introduction to the literature of plot, counterplot, intrigue, and crime, and the mystery of the murder was very real to us. This book, still in existence, with the birds all headless from over-exertion, is always inextricably associated in my mind with childish woes; as a desire on my part to make the birds wag their heads was always contemporaneous, to a second, with a like desire on my sister's part. And on those rare days when the precious volume was taken down, one of us always donned the penitential nightgown early in the afternoon and supped frugally in bed, while the other feasted gloriously at the family board, never quite happy in her virtue, however, since it separated her from beloved vice as personified in life. That paltry little tattered volume, when it confronts me from its safe nook in a bureau drawer, makes my heart beat faster and sets me dreaming! Pray tell me if any book read in your later and wiser years ever brings to your mind such vivid memories, to your lips so lingering a smile, to your eye so ready a tear? Ah! true enough, "we could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it. . . . What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known and loved because it is known?"

This autobiographical babble is excusable for one reason only.

It is in remembering what books greatly moved us in earlier days; what books wakened strong and healthy desires, enlarged the horizon of our understanding, and inspired us to generous action, that we get some clew to the books with which to surround our children; and a reminiscence of this kind becomes a sort of psychological observation. The moment we clearly realize that the books we read in childhood and youth make a profound impression that can never be repeated later (save in some rare crisis of heart and soul, where a printed page marks an epoch in one's mental or spiritual life), then we become reinforced in our opinion that it makes a



deal of difference what children read and how they read it.

Agnes Repplier says: "It is part of the irony of life that our discriminating taste for books should be built up on the ashes of an extinct enjoyment."

A book is such a fact to a child, its people are so alive and so heartily loved and hated, its scenes so absolutely real! Prone on the hearthrug before the fire or curled up in the window seat, we forget everything but the story. The shadows deepen, and we can read no longer; but we do not much care, for the window looks into an enchanted region peopled with brilliant fancies. The old garden is sometimes the Forest of Arden, sometimes the Land of Lilliput, sometimes the Border. The gray rock on the river bank is now the cave of Monte Cristo and now a

castle defended by scores of armed knights who peep one by one from the alder-bushes, while Fair Ellen and the lovely Undine float together on the river.

But are these visions still seen? Alas! No.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore.

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

For forming a truly admirable literary taste, I can not indeed say much in favor of my own motley collection of books just cited, for I was simply tumbled in among them and left to browse, in accordance with Charles Lamb's whimsical plan for Bridget



WE DECLAIMED CERTAIN SCENES IN AN UPPER CHAMBER.

Elia. More might have been added and some taken away; but they had in them a world of instruction and illumination which children miss who read too exclusively those books written with rigid determination down to their level, neglecting certain old classics for which we fondly believe there are no substitutes. You can not always persuade the children of this generation to attack Robinson Crusoe, and if they do they are too sophisticated to thrill properly when they come to Friday's footsteps in the sand. Think of it, my contemporaries! Think of substituting for that intense moment some of the modern "tuppenny" climaxes!

I do not wish to drift into a cheap cynicism, and apotheosize the old days at the expense of the new. We are often inclined to paint the Past with a halo round its head which it never wore when it was the Present. We can reproduce neither the children nor the conditions of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. To-day's children must be fitted for to-day's tasks, educated to answer to-day's questions, equipped to solve to-day's problems; but are we helping them to do this in absolutely the best way? At all events it is difficult to join in the pæan of gratitude for the tons of children's books that are being turned out yearly by parental publishers. If the children of the past did not have quite enough deference paid to their individuality, their likes and dislikes, and if their needs were too often left until the needs of everybody else had been considered,—on the other hand, they were not surfeited with well-meant but ill-directed attentions. If the hay was thrown so high in the rack that they could not pluck a single straw without stretching up for it, why, the hay was generally worth stretching for, and was, perhaps, quite as healthful as the sweet and easily digested nursery porridge which some people adopt as exclusive diet for their darlings nowadays.

Let us look a little at some of the famous children's books of a past generation, and see what was their general style and purpose. Take, for instance, those of Mrs. Barbauld, who may be included among a group of educators who completely altered the style of teaching and writing for children—Rousseau, De Genlis, the Edgeworths, Jacotot, Froebel, and Diesterweg, all great teachers. Dear, didactic, deadly-

dull Mrs. Barbauld, who composed, as one of her biographers tells us, "a considerable number of miscellaneous pieces for the instruction and amusement of young persons, especially females." (Girls were always "young females" in those days; children were "infants," and stories were "tales.") Who can ever forget those "Early Lessons," written for her adopted son Charles, who appeared in the page sometimes in a state of hopeless ignorance and imbecility, and sometimes clad in the wisdom of the ancients?

The use of the offensive phrase "excessively pretty," as applied to a lace tidy by a very tiny little female named Lucy, brings down upon her sinful head eleven pages of such moralizing as would only be delivered by a modern mamma on hearing a confession of robbery or murder.

All this does strike us as insufferably didactic, but yet we can not approve the virulence with which Southey and Charles Lamb attacked good Mrs. Barbauld in her old age; for her purpose was eminently earnest, her views of education healthy and sensible for the time in which she lived, her style polished and admirably quiet, her love for young people indubitably sincere and profound, and her character worthy of all respect and admiration in its dignity, womanliness, and strength. Nevertheless, Charles Lamb exclaims in a whimsical burst of spleen: "'Goody Two Shoes' is out of print, while Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lies in piles around. Hang them—the cursed reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child."

Miss Edgeworth has what seems to us, in these days, the same overplus of sublime purpose, and, though a much greater writer, is quite as desirous of being instructive, first, last, and all the time, and quite as unable or unwilling to veil her purpose. No books, however, have ever had a more remarkable influence upon young people, and there are many of them—old-fashioned as they are—which the sophisticated children of to-day could read with pleasure and profit.

Poor, naughty little Rosamond! choosing the immortal "purple jar" out of that apothecary's window, instead of the shoes she needed; and in a following chapter,

after pages of excellent maternal advice, taking the hideous but useful "red morocco housewife" instead of the coveted "plum."

People may say what they like of Miss Edgeworth's lack of proportion as a moralist and economist, but we have here few writers for children at present who possess the practical knowledge, mental vigor, and moral force which made her an imposing figure in juvenile literature for nearly a century.

There has never been a time when the difficulty of making a good use of books was as great as it is to-day, or a time when it required so much decision to make a wise choice, simply because there is so much printed matter precipitated upon us that we can not "see the wood for the trees."

It is not my province to discriminate between the various writers for children at the present time. To give a complete catalogue of useful books for children would be quite impossible; to give a partial list, or endeavor to point out what is worthy and what unworthy, would be little better. No course of reading laid down by one person ever suits another, and the published "lists of best books," with their solemn platitudes in the way of advice, are generally interesting only in their reflection of the writer's personality.

I would not choose too absolutely for a child save in his earliest years, but would rather surround him with the best and worthiest books, and let him choose for himself; for there are elective affinities and antipathies here that need not be disregarded,—that are, indeed, certain indications of latent powers, and trustworthy guides to the child's unfolding possibilities.

"Books can only be profoundly influential as they unite themselves with decisive tendencies." Provide the right conditions for mental growth, and then let the child do the growing. If we dictate too absolutely, we *envelop* instead of *developing* his mind, and weaken his own power of choice. On the other hand, we do not wish his reading to be partial or one-sided, as it may be without intelligent oversight.

I was telling bedtime stories the other night to a proper, wise, dull little girl of ten years. When I had successfully introduced a mother-cat and kittens to her attention, I plunged into what I thought a graphic and

perfectly natural conversation between them, when she cut me short with the observation that she disliked stories in which animals talked, because they were not true! I was rebuked, and tried again with better success, had it not been for an unlucky figure of speech concerning a blossoming locust-tree, that bent its green boughs and laughed in the summer sunshine, because its flowers were fragrant and lovely, and the world so green and beautiful. This she thought, on sober second thought, a trifle silly, as trees never did laugh! Now, that exasperating little scrap of humanity (she is abnormal, to be sure) ought to be locked up and fed upon fairy tales until she was able to catch a faint glimpse of "the light that never was on sea or shore." Poor blind, deaf little person, predestined, perhaps, to be the mother of a lot of other blind, deaf little persons some day,—how I should like to develop her imagination!

Whatever children read, let us see that it be good of its kind, and that they get variety, so that no integral want of human nature shall be neglected,—so that neither imagination, memory, nor reflection shall be starved. I own it is difficult to help them in their choice, when most of us have not learned to choose wisely for ourselves. A discriminating taste in literature is not to be gained without effort, and our constant reading of the little books spoils our appetite for the great ones.

Style is a matter of some moment. Mothers sometimes forget that children can not read slipshod, awkward, redundant prose, and sing-song vapid verse, for ten or twelve years, and then take kindly to the best things afterward.

Long before a child is conscious of such a thing as purity, delicacy, directness, or strength of style, he has been acted upon unconsciously, so that when the period of conscious choice comes he is either attracted or repelled by what is good, according to his training. Children are fond of vivacity and color, and love a bit of word painting or graceful nonsense; but there are people who strive for this, and miss, after all, the true warmth and geniality that is most desirable for little people; and, apropos of nonsense, we remember Leigh Hunt, who says that there are two kinds of nonsense, one resulting from a superabundance of ideas, the

other from a want of them. Style in the hands of some writers is like war-paint to the savage—of no perceptible value unless it is laid on thick. Our tiny little ones begin too often on cheap and tawdry stories in one or two syllables, where pictures in primary colors try their best to atone for lack of matter. Then they enter on a prolonged series of children's books, some of them written by people who have neither the intelligence nor the literary skill to write for a more critical audience; on the same basis of reasoning which puts the young and inexperienced teachers into the lowest grades, where the mind ought to be *formed*, and assigns to the more practiced educator the simpler task of *informing* the already partially formed (or deformed) mind.

There has never been such conscientious, intelligent, and purposeful work done for children as in the last ten years; and if an overwhelming flood of trash has been poured into our laps along with the better things, we must accept the inevitable. The legends, myths, and fables of the world, as well as its history and romance, are being brought within reach of young readers by writers of wide knowledge and trained skill.

Knowing, then, as we do, the dangers and obstacles in the way, and realizing the innumerable inspirations which the best thought gives to us, can we not so direct the reading of our children that our older boys and girls shall not be so exclusively modern in their tastes; so that they may be inclined to take a little less *Salut*, a little more Shakespeare, temper their devotion to *The Duchess* by small doses of Dickens or Dante, forsake *Rhoda Broughton* for a dip into *Thackeray*, and use *Hawthorne* as a safe and agreeable antidote to *Haggard*? We need not despair of the child who does not care to read, for books are not the only means of culture; but they are a very great means when the mind is really stimulated by them and not simply padded with them.

Mr. Frederic Harrison says: "Books are no more education than laws are virtue. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing."

But a child who has no taste for

reading, who is utterly incapable of losing himself in a printed page, quite unable to forget his childish griefs,

"And plunge,
Soul forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,"

—such a child is to be pitied as missing one of the chief joys of life. Such a child has no dear old book-friendships to look back upon. He has no sweet associations with certain musty covers and time-worn pages; no sacred memories of quiet moments when a new love of goodness, a new throb of generosity, a new sense of humanity were born in the ardent young soul; born when we had turned the last page of some well-thumbed volume and pressed our tear-stained childish cheek against the window-pane, when it was growing dusk without, and a dear mother's voice called us from our shelter to "put the book down, dear, and come to tea." For, to speak in better words than my own: "It is the books we read before middle life that do most to mold our characters and influence our lives; and this not only because our natures are then plastic and our opinions flexible, but also because, to produce lasting impression, it is necessary to give a great author time and meditation. The books that are with us in the leisure of youth, that we love for a time not only with the enthusiasm, but with something of the exclusiveness, of a first love, are those that enter as factors forever in our mental life."



WU CHIH TIEN, THE CELESTIAL EMPRESS.

A CHINESE HISTORICAL NOVEL. (PART VII.)

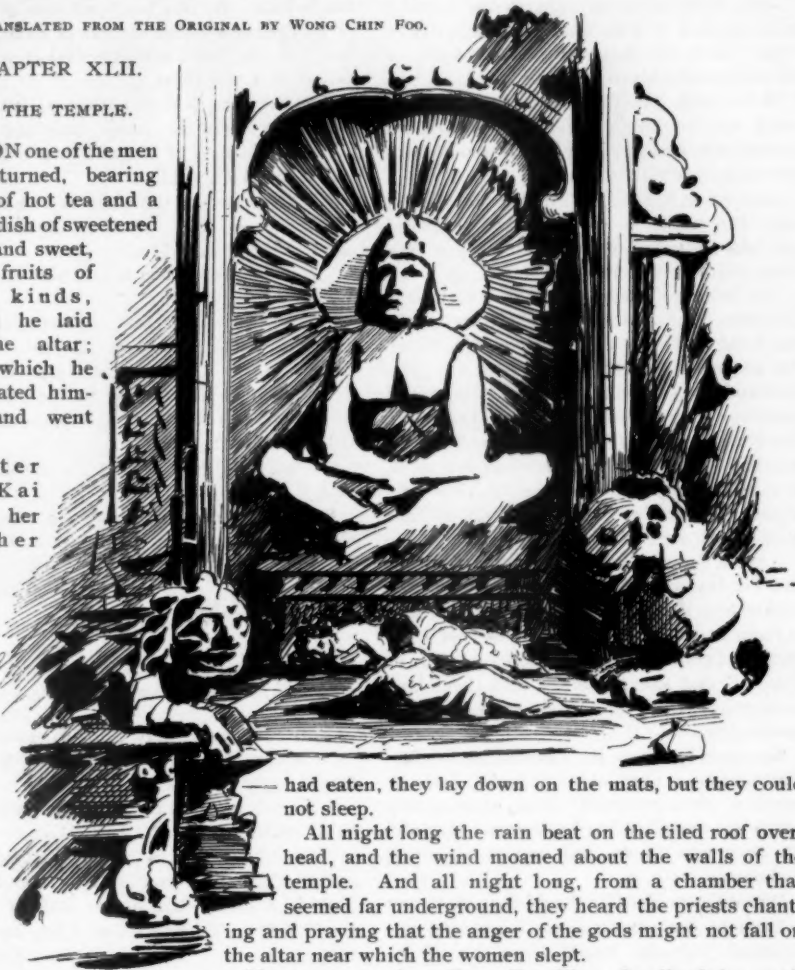
TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY WONG CHIN FOO.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN THE TEMPLE.

SOON one of the men returned, bearing a pot of hot tea and a large dish of sweetened rice, and sweet, ripe fruits of many kinds, which he laid on the altar; after which he prostrated himself and went out.

After
Sho Kai
and her
mother



— had eaten, they lay down on the mats, but they could not sleep.

All night long the rain beat on the tiled roof overhead, and the wind moaned about the walls of the temple. And all night long, from a chamber that seemed far underground, they heard the priests chanting and praying that the anger of the gods might not fall on the altar near which the women slept.

The next morning Chow Tze Tin, who lived in much comfort close to the river, learned that there were two women in the old temple who were searching for her, and claimed to be of her kin. So she said to her son, a strong young man of twenty-one :

"Chow Ling, I much fear me these are poor relations, and I have a dread of such ; but if they are rich, then it would rejoice me to know them. Go, therefore, to the temple, and, without making yourself known, spy out what the women are like, and then come back and report to me."

The sun was making short shadows when Chow Ling came running back to his mother, and cried out :

"Oh, I saw the women ! They are dressed in fine raiment, and one of them, who seems to be the mother, carries a bag of gold in her girdle. But the daughter is more beautiful

than the dew-kissed rosebuds of Hanan, and when my eyes rested on her, my heart went out to her with a tender yearning."

"Go, bring them straight to our house," said Chow Tze Tin, when she heard this, "and I shall set about preparing a feast for my loved cousin and her daughter."

With swift feet the young man hurried away, and by the time the feast was ready, he had returned to his mother's house with Sho Yi and her daughter.

And when Chow Tze Tin saw the woman with the purse of gold, and the beautiful girl, she embraced them with tears, and bade them welcome to all that was hers.

The house of Chow Tze Tin overlooked the great river, and about it there was a garden filled with flowers of every hue, which the passers-by would stop to look at. Her husband had owned many boats that carried passengers and merchandise on the Yang Tze Kiang. But now that he was dead, his son had succeeded to his calling, and made so much money that some of the rich merchants in Don Ton thought he might be a good match for their daughters.

After a feast of welcome, to which Chow Tze Tin invited many of her neighbors, she said to Sho Kai and to her mother: "There is room in this house for all of us; we have plenty of gold between us; therefore let us be happy," and she forthwith told them how much they must pay, each moon, for her hospitality.

So, moon by moon till a year went by, Sho Kai's mother paid out her gold, and, as never a piece returned, there came a day when the purse left her by General Mah and Ta Teen was empty, and only some silver and cash remained.

When Chow Tze Tin found that there was a limit to her cousin's wealth, her manner changed, and she would have turned the mother and daughter out, or sent them to live with her servants, had it not been for her son.

By this time Chow Ling was deeply in love with Sho Kai, so he said to his mother:

"If you turn them out, you must live, henceforth, alone; for where Sho Kai goes, there I go."

Then Chow Tze Tin said:

"I am your mother, and I live to see you happy. Therefore, let it be as you say. But

when I am gone, you will be very sorry that you did not look for a rich wife."

But Sho Kai did not encourage the young man's love. By day her heart was ever full of Li Tan, and in her dreams he came to her and laid his hand upon the casket, to make sure that it was there.

One day Sho Kai's mother called Chow Ling into a summer-house, near the shore, and she told him of her daughter's love for Li Tan, and she said:

"I am sure my daughter will never see Li Tan again; and if she only knew that he was dead, she would marry you."

"And you think she would love me?" he asked.

"Yes; for the heart of a woman ever goes out to him who makes her happy. Fasten her thoughts on yourself, and she will soon forget him who is absent; for the gods have wisely ordered that this should be the way with a woman's heart."

Then Chow Ling stroked his forehead and said:

"And the gods have also ordered that what a man can not get by force, he must win by cunning."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SHO KAI AND HER MOTHER CONSULT A WISE MAN, AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT.

AND now every day Sho Yi would say, "I am sure Li Tan is dead," and Sho Kai would reply:

"No, no, mother, for my heart tells me I shall see him again."

Now, there was a great fortune-teller, named T'ang Pe Wong, in Don Ton, and he lived in a queer little house under the Dragon Bridge. To him Chow Ling went and said:

"You are very wise, O T'ang Pe Wong, but I would not have you read my future, though I am ready to give you gold."

"And what shall I do for the gold?" asked the old wizard.

"My cousin Sho Yi and her daughter Sho Kai will be here to-morrow, and you must promise to tell them the story of one Li Tan, with whom the girl has been in love, just as I tell it to you."

"It is trouble to cast a horoscope," said the old man, "so tell me your plans and pay me



SHO KAI AND HER MOTHER CONSULT A WISE MAN.

your gold, and in all else I will do as you desire."

So Chow Ling told the story, paid his gold, and then went away much pleased with his plan.

The next day Sho Kai and her mother went to the fortune-teller, and they paid him all the money they had, and the girl told him of Li Tan.

"How old is he?" asked the wizard, and he began turning over the leaves of a great book, in which the stars and all their signs were painted.

"He will be twenty on the 5th of the next moon," said Sho Kai.

"And at what hour was he born?"

"At the close of the first watch of the night," she said.

Then, after the old man had made many figures, he scratched his gray head, and said:

"Oh, this is very bad! The young man fell into the company of thieves, who led him

astray. At the beginning of this moon he was made prisoner by the soldiers of the Teds of Shan Ting, and now he is dead."

When Sho Kai heard this she fainted, nor did she recover for many days.

When at length she began to grow stronger, her mother would sit beside her and sob:

"I am getting old, and soon I will be unable to work. I am poor, and my daughter is poor, and if she dies she will leave no husband to care for me."

Now, this grieved Sho Kai greatly, for she loved her mother; still she loved Li Tan the more.

When she was strong enough to walk in the garden, Chow Ling brought to her one day a peddler named Ko Gee Sam, who said he had just come down the river from the city of Lai Chû Foo, which was seven hundred miles away, and in the province of Shantung.

"Twenty days ago I was there," said the

peddler, "and I saw three robbers beheaded, one of whom was very young and handsome, and the others were big, rough men."

Now, the peddler had with him a copy of the official *Gazette*, issued at Chung Ang, and it chanced that it told of the death of three robbers at Lai Chû Foo, one of whom was young and very beautiful, and this they showed to Sho Kai.

When the peddler had gone away, with Chow Ling's gold in his pocket, Sho Kai said to him :

"The life that is of no further use to me may help my mother. Will you promise, if I become your wife, to care for her, even if I die?"

"I will," said Chow Ling.

"Give me one more pledge."

"A hundred!" he said.

"It is my wish," she said, "that we should wed on the *Shin Dan*, just as the next full moon is lighting up the Yang Tze Kiang."

Then he kissed her hand, and said it should be as she desired.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ARMY OF THE PRINCE COMES BEFORE SU CHOW.

WITH General Mah and Ta Teen the prince reached the mountains in safety.

The warriors who had waited so long shouted when they rose from their greeting of the prince :

"Let us live no longer like the gray wolves in the hills! Lead us on to Chung Ang, where stands the polluted throne of thy fathers!"

And the prince raised his sword and cried out :

"The gods have preserved me to do this thing!"

Then in grand array the horsemen and the footmen, with sword and shield and spear, and arrows with death's poison in their keen points, and the banners of the Tûngs waving proudly above them, marched down to meet the armies of false Wu Chih Tien.

And when the empress heard that provinces were revolting, and that thousands of fighting men were flocking to the banner of the prince, who had been found, she said :

"My people will return to me again when

they see that the story of a prince is the device of a madman. If General Mah has found another heir to the throne of the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom, let him prove it by showing the hand above the heart, and let him hold up to all eyes the royal seal of the emperor Tûng Ko Zoon, that wrought it."

When General Mah and Ta Teen and all the great captains heard of this, they came to the prince and said :

"The time has come when the people must see the royal seal which the emperor, thy father, gave to thy mother, Wong Tai Ho. We know that the hand's impress is above thy heart; now show to thy army the seal that wrought it."

Now, there was no untruth nor guile in the heart of the prince, so he said to those about him :

"It has been the custom for our emperors to give the royal seal into the keeping of her first wed. I have pledged myself to marry Sho Kai, the daughter of the widow Sho Yi, who is of the family of Wu Deah, of Su Chow Fu. The night she promised to be my wife I gave to her the seal, and enjoined her to guard it as her life and honor. This she has done. So to find the seal we must march to Su Chow Fu. But it will cheer us to know that Su Chow lies between us and Chung Ang."

After much preparation it was agreed that the army should march to Su Chow.

Four hundred thousand men poured into the plains, scattering before them, as the wintry wind scatters the dry leaves, the soldiers of Wu Chih Tien.

At length, after long marching and many battles, they encamped upon a high hill above the Yang Tze Kiang; and looking to the east, they saw the encircling walls, and the temples and pagodas, and the stately palaces of beautiful Su Chow Fu.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE BATTLE AT SU CHOW.

THE night on which the army of the prince camped before Su Chow, spies were sent into the city with orders to find Sho Kai and her mother, and, if it could be done, to bring them away.

After a time the spies returned, and they

reported that they had found the secret entrance to Wu Deah's grounds, as the prince had instructed them, and that they learned from a slave that the woman and her daughter had been sent away about a year before.

On hearing this the prince was much cast down, and his heart was doubly bitter against Wu Deah.

The spies also said that the city was full of soldiers, and that they were eager for the coming battle.

The prince had by this time grown to manhood, and he had won the love and confidence of all his army by his skill in planning battles, and his courage in carrying them out.

Through the night the Man-Chu horsemen encircled the city, that none might pass out or enter; and a great fleet of boats was made ready to transport one wing of the army into the enemy's camp when morning came.

Ta Teen, as the chosen guardian of the prince, remained with him in the center of the great battle line; while General Mah, with one hundred thousand men, swept down to the right, so as to hold the river below Su Chow.

With the first flush of day the bells of the city began to ring, and on the walls, along which fires had burned during the night, armed men appeared, and from the towers the banners of Wu Chih Tien floated out.

No sound of cymbal or drum was heard in the camps of the prince, and the horsemen, sweeping like eagles about the city's walls, restrained their fierce cries for the onset.

Great battering-rams had been brought to break down the walls, and long ladders were carried by others with which to scale the defenses.

The prince was mounted on a black horse that had once run wild on the plains of Tartary. His armor was of steel and gold. On his shield there was carved the figure of the royal seal above his heart, and behind him was borne by a mountain giant the royal standard of the Tûngs.

When the besieging army came so close that the arrows of the men on the walls began to fall among them, they halted for the signal from General Mah, which was to be made by the cannon which he had taken with him for that purpose.

But they had not long to wait, for the booming, as of thunder, to the east told that all was ready.

When the great towers by the gate were reached, the prince called out:

"Here will I watch till the gates are down."

He ascended the tower with Ta Teen, and looking down they saw a torrent of their own men inside and tearing away the barriers.

Soon the gates were flung open.



Then into Su Chow rushed the army, as a flooded river pours over its weakened bank.

"See!" cried Ta Teen. "General Mah has won to the south! And thy banners are rising on the ships! There, there! Another gate is down and the Man-Chu horse are in the streets! Hark to the cries of the fugitives who this morning were so defiant!"

As the prince watched, tower after tower along the walls was seized, and over them his own banner was raised.

And as the sun went down the noise of battle died out, and the prince raised his eyes to the gods, for he knew that Su Chow was at his feet.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PRINCE MEETS WU DEAH AGAIN.

WHEN they knew that the city was taken, the prince and Ta Teen descended from the tower, and fresh horses were brought to them on which they mounted.

The prince sent for General Mah, and when he had joined them they called about them a band of horsemen, who still grasped their red swords as if they thought the battle unwon. Then they rode to the gate leading into Wu Deah's park.

Over the gate the bronze dragon still held the silver gong in his mouth, and on this Ta Teen struck with his sword, till the birds in the trees and the fishes in the lakes got afraid and sped to hidden places.

At last two trembling slaves appeared, and when they had thrown open the gate, the prince led the horsemen up to the great palace, which was now as dark as the grave.

He ordered the servants to make lights in every chamber; then with General Mah and Ta Teen he entered the grand hall of the fountain, and seated himself on the throne of gold that had been made for Wu Chih Tien, and had been kept in that place ever since her visit.

"Now bring to me," he said, "Wu Deah and his family, and let some one find for me the big slave with one eye, him who was master of the whip in my day."

Men hurried away to search, and at length they found Wu Deah and his wife and his son-in-law and his wife all hiding in the dungeon into which Li Tan had been cast after his cruel beating.

When Wu Deah and his family were brought before the prince, they threw themselves on their faces at his feet and did not dare to look up.

Then all the past came to the prince's mind, and into his eyes there came a strange light as he asked:

"Are you Wu Deah of Su Chow Fu?"

"I am thy wretched slave Wu Deah of Su Chow Fu," groaned the man, and he pressed his face down, as if he would bury it in the marble, and so hide it from the world.

"Can you kow-tow?" asked the prince.

"Thy slave is trying to kow-tow," said Wu Deah.

"But you do it not to my liking. Stand up that I may see your face, and that you may look upon mine."

At the command of the prince, Wu Deah stood up, but his head was bowed, and he did not dare to raise his eyes.

"Wu Deah, know you who I am?"

"O my great master, thou art the son of T'ang Ko Zoon, and emperor of the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom."

"Did you ever see me before?"

"The eyes of thy lowly slave have never been gladdened by gazing on thy exalted face," said Wu Deah.

"Lift your eyes, and say if you have never seen me before?" said the prince.

Then, with great fear and trembling, Wu Deah did as he was commanded, and when he saw the youth with his helmet removed, he raised his hands and shrieked:

"It is Li Tan!"

"Yes. I am he whom you knew as Li Tan. Wu Deah, can you recall the day when you first saw me?"

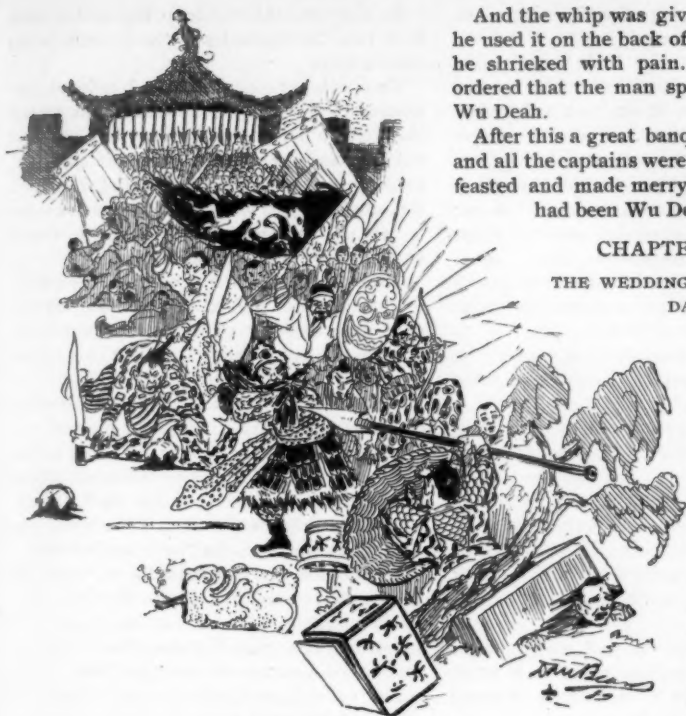
"Alas, my master, I regret that day!" moaned Wu Deah.

"Wu Deah, I have come to repay your kindness. But first tell me, and let it be the truth if you would hold to your head for another sun, where Sho Kai and her mother are?"

"Long since, O my master, the beautiful Sho Kai and her noble mother left the humble abode of thy wretched slave; but whither they went, or where they are, I know not," said the trembling Wu Deah.

"Did you treat them kindly when they were here?"

"All that thy slave had was theirs, but they would not take it."



"ANOTHER GATE IS DOWN."

"Ah, Wu Deah, you have not forgotten the way to lie," said the prince bitterly.

Then he commanded that Wu Deah's wife and daughter should be taken away, and that the big slave with one eye should be brought in.

The man came, and he carried in his hand the whip of hard cords; and he would have thrown himself at the prince's feet had he not been told that his first duty was to use the lash on Wu Deah.

The moaning merchant took off his coat, and the one-eyed man plied the lash until told to stop; then Wu Deah was sent to the slave's dungeon to think over the change.

"Now," said the prince, "bring to me that one of my soldiers who is strongest of arm, and let this slave be stripped, and the lash used on his back, that he may feel the pain he delighted to inflict on others."

"If there be in the army a man with a stronger arm than mine," said Ta Teen, "he has not appeared to prove it; therefore give me the lash."

And the whip was given to Ta Teen, and he used it on the back of the cruel slave till he shrieked with pain. Then the prince ordered that the man spend the night with Wu Deah.

After this a great banquet was got ready, and all the captains were called in; and they feasted and made merry in the palace that had been Wu Deah's.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE WEDDING ON THE "SHIN DAN."

SHO KAI feared that she should never see Li Tan again; so, as she loved her mother, she said to her own heart:

"From this day on my life is of no worth to me; therefore will I give it, that the last days of my mother may not be spent in want, and that she may have one to care for her when I am gone."

So Sho Kai consented to marry Chow Ling, and the day was set for the wedding, which, as had been agreed, was to take place on the *Shin Dan*, just as the full moon was turning to silver the golden waters of the Yang Tze Kiang.

And now Chow Ling was the happiest man in all Don Ton, and he thought himself the happiest man in all the world.

At once he made preparations for the feast, for he was rich, and he wanted people to remember his taste and generosity.

Paint and gilding transformed the *Shin Dan* into a ship which people said was even more beautiful than the royal barge of Wu Chih Tien, at Chung Ang. And on the *Shin Dan* the wedding took place at the time appointed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE WEDDING.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Sho Kai kissed her mother and said:

"I do not feel strong; I will retire alone to the cabin and rest me."

Sho Kai went into the little cabin, making fast the door behind her; then she sat down near a window at the back and looked out at the broad river, which the moon had changed into a current of molten silver.

After sitting for a time, she felt above her heart, to find that the casket was still there; then she opened the window and crept out under the shadowy stern of the *Shin Dan*.

Here, with her pained face turned up to the sky and her wedding robe floating about her, she clung to the rudder.

At length she whispered the name "Li Tan," released her hold, and was swept down between the barges.

In their merriment, the people did not miss her from the *Shin Dan*, nor did they see her in the water. And so she drifted out to the silvery highway of the moon.

Now, it so chanced that at this time the royal transport, *King Keang Lung*, having on board the wife and daughter of the new Tedo of Paou Ting Fu, was sailing by the town of Don Ton.

Now the pilot had very sharp eyes, for when he pointed to the river and said, "There is the body of a woman floating by," the others did not believe him.

Now while he spoke, the Tedo's wife saw the light of the moon on her closed eyes and beautiful face, and she called out:

"The girl is not dead! Get a boat and fetch her to me!"

Then the men hurried off in a small boat, and they found the girl and brought her to the ship; and the captain said, as he laid her in the cabin of the Tedo's wife:

"It is very strange to find a dead bride in the Yang Tze Kiang."

But the Tedo's wife would have it that the girl was not dead, so she called in the physician; and after they had exchanged the wet clothing for dry robes that belonged to the daughter of the Tedo's wife, and had chafed her hands and face and bathed her feet in hot wine, Sho Kai opened her eyes and looked in wonder about her.

"Hush!" said the Tedo's wife, when she saw that Sho Kai would speak; "you must not talk until the morning."

So Sho Kai closed her eyes, and knew not whether she was dead or dreaming.

By this time the transport had sailed past Don Ton, the lights from which could be no longer seen.

The wife of the Tedo had ordered her women to dry Sho Kai's raiment, and then she went to her own chamber; but she had not been long here when a servant came in, holding in her hand a silken wallet, in which was something of weight, and she cried out: "O my mistress, this thing I found among the robes of the bride."

Then the Tedo's wife took out the casket of purple jade, and seeing on the lid the golden arms of the young empress, she said: "This thing I shall keep for the young woman. Now leave me for the night."

When the servant had gone out, the wife of the Tedo of Paou Ting Fu opened the casket of purple jade; and lo, there before her eyes, was the lost seal of Tung Ko Zoon!

Now this woman had much craft, for she was of the blood of Wu Chih Tien, and it was for this her husband had been made a Tedo.

"When the girl wakes in the morning, she must not miss this," said the Tedo's wife.

Then she found a box of the same size, in which she placed a ring that bore her husband's name, and this she tied in the wallet of silk, and when it was dried she stole softly in and placed it about the sleeping girl's neck.

And through all the night the Tedo's wife could not sleep; so when it was near day she went to where her daughter, who was fair to the sight, was sleeping, and she kissed her and whispered:

"Less beautiful than thou, O my daughter, have wed emperors of the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom."

When Sho Kai awoke, the sun was shining; and it was not till she felt that the casket was still near her heart that she knew she still lived.

Then the wife of the Tedo came and stroked the girl's hair, and said:

"If you will tell me your story I will take you to Paou Ting Fu, where my husband is the Tedo, and I will care for you like my own daughter."

Then Sho Kai, whose heart knew no deceit, told the simple story of her own life; and she spoke of her love for Li Tan, and how she wanted to die when she knew her mother was cared for.

(To be concluded.)

A TRIP TO DALECARLIA.

BY W. W. THOMAS, JR.

IT was a pleasant July evening as we steamed away from Stockholm through the wide thoroughfare by Furusund, and I lingered long on deck in the glowing Northern twilight enjoying the beautiful views of luminous water reaches, dotted with dark spruce-crowned isles.

There was not much to see in the morning except a long, low line of woods seemingly growing out of the water and extending on our port hand as far as the eye could reach. As to beauty of landscape, one might as well coast along the shores of North Carolina. These low strands are characteristic of the Gulf of Bothnia, and stretch their monotonous length to its northernmost cove. What a contrast to the lofty Norwegian Fjelds which tower a mile above the sea on the west coast of the Scandinavian peninsula. I was altogether glad when we steamed in between the long, wooden jettys where the Dal River pours into the gulf, and exchanged the boat *Gefle* for the city of the same name.

The first view of Gefle, coming from the Bothnia, is not prepossessing. You see only a great number of lofty lumber piles. The lumber is pine and spruce, bright yellow in color, and piled regularly in great squares, and so high as to entirely conceal the city which lies beyond. Yet when once you have got into Gefle you will be pleased with its wide, regular streets and its great square paved market-place, where burly peasant women, standing behind their little wagons, strive to sell you anything from a fat cheese to a pair of warm woolen stockings. And I scarcely know of a more delightful stroll than you can make in the long, thickly-wooded park by the banks of Gefle stream, which pours tumbling, sparkling and foaming through the green wood, and brings into this city park the wild life of its distant source among the hills. It was ten P.M., when I entered Falun, but the ruddy sunset was burning on the red brick church tower and there on the north wall it would burn through all the night.

Falun is the capital of Dalecarlia, and the seat of the great copper mines that have been

worked no one knows how long. Certainly for more than five hundred years. After a late supper I took a walk to the outskirts of the town. Here a great hillside slanted upwards, black and barren, one great mass of slag from the mines, reeking and smoking out of the "roasting hills," piled up like a black eruption over its surface. The scene reminded me of the great fields of cooling lava one sees on the sides of Mount Vesuvius, or of the smouldering ruins of a burned city. Every tree and bush and blade of grass had been killed off by the fumes of smelting copper, and nothing was left but the "abomination of desolation."

The proper thing to do at Falun is to go down into the mines; but the desolation of *Kopparberget* so oppressed my soul that I made my escape by the earliest train on the morrow. The resemblance of the scenery of Sweden to that of the State of Maine is particularly striking along the road toward Lake Siljan. The ravines we crossed reminded me strongly of those on the upper St. John River, and the valley of the Dal from Djurås to Insjön, called vividly to mind the valley of the Madawaska River, just across the northern border of my native State. There was the same long, green, level valley, bordered by low wooded hills on either side, and intersected by the bright rippling river. But these low nestling hamlets strewn over the intervales were surely not the homes of Americans. In the hay-field stood *Häsjor*, across whose rails the newly-cut grass was being laid to dry. The mowers were clad in green waistcoats, across which their red shirt sleeves waved to and fro as they swung their scythes. Broad-faced peasant women in close-fitting red caps, roomy, puffed-out white sleeves and dress fronts striped horizontally with many colors, were raking the hay or carrying it in armfuls to the *Häsjor*, while boys in long greenish-yellow coats, which gave them the appearance of little old men, sported about and did not seem to be doing anything in particular.

The railroad ended at Insjön, and we con-

tinued our journey up the Dal River on board the little brown steamer *Österdalarne*. Among the passengers was a middle-aged, medium-sized, solid-looking man, with comely features, and pleasant, intelligent expression. He was clad in a white, short coat, light-colored buckskin breeches tied about the knee, long white woolen stockings, and low shoes with massive buckles of silver. He wore also a long leathern apron like that of a blacksmith, only this was fresh and clean, reaching from breast to ankles, strapped over his shoulders, and tied about his waist.

Dropping into conversation with him, I soon learned he was no other than Bröms Olof Larsson, one of the largest land owners and most influential men of Dalecarlia. There is only one other in the province so potent as he, and that is the tall, impressive-looking vice-speaker of the lower house of the Swedish *Riksdag*, who comes down to Stockholm to the meeting of the Swedish Congress, in the costume of his parish, with his hair parted in the middle, and cut so as to hang at even length all round his massive head. He is one of the celebrities of Stockholm. You will not pass a week there in the winter without seeing him, and you will be sure to ask who he is. The answer will be, Liss Olof Larsson.

It is a little singular that these two uncrowned kings of Dalecarlia should have the same name, Olof Larsson; for Bröms and Liss are only the names of their farms, and are prefixed to their real appellations after the manner of the province.

I ventured to ask my companion about his costume. It was that of the parish where he dwelt. He had been used to it from childhood, and as he liked it better than any other he did not see why he should make any change. And as for the long leather apron, no, it was not in the way at all, and he was sure he should feel very chilly and catch cold if he left it off.

I was entertained with the frank conversation of my companion, and pleased with his always calling me "*du*." The *Dalkarlar* never address one by his title, as other Swedes, but like our Quakers, speak to everybody as "*thou*," which elsewhere in Sweden is never used except as a term of great familiarity or endearment.

As we were chatting on the deck of the

steamer, a turn in the river brought into view a point of land jutting out from the east bank and bristling with a grove of spruces. Above the pointed tops of the trees rose a ball-like dome, bulging outwards from a narrower neck below, and sloping with concave lines into a spire above. This crowns the church of Leksand, and I feel confident that this peculiar globe-like steeple, the first of its kind that I have seen in Sweden, must have been fashioned on a Russian model.

Here Bröms Olof left the boat, after cordially inviting me to visit him on my return, and among those who got on board I was delighted to see my Stockholm friends, the Royal Chamberlain Dardel and his beautiful daughter Amelie.

Swinging round the point of the church, we left the river and steamed out upon the broad surface of Lake Siljan. The banks of the lake are neither abrupt nor lofty. Low hills, their summits crowned with forests, roll up gently from the water. Their sloping sides are dotted all over with the little parti-colored squares and triangles and parallelograms of cultivation. Everything is quiet, peaceful, pastoral, and breathes an inviting air of repose. We steamed up the great eastern bay of the lake and touched at the hamlet of Rättvik.

On lake Siljan one sees that he is approaching Norway. The horses that come clattering down to the pier are low, stubbed and pony built, and their manes being chopped in the arc of a circle, of which their necks form the chord, bristle upward like the back of an angry dog. The houses have an overhanging second story, the row boats are long, pink-sterned, and rise high fore and aft, like viking ships, and, as we sail out again into the main lake, we see the mountains rising ever higher to the north and west towards the Norwegian Fjelds.

We sailed past the great island Sollerön, and at a time when it would have been evening in any part of the United States, wound through a narrow, tortuous channel, pricked out by poles, and laid alongside the pier at Mora village. As the sun was still high and the day pleasant we started out after supper for a stroll.

Passing along level fields for a mile, we came to an *allée*, at the end of which stood a pretty little building of hewn stone, without



windows, but lighted from above through an ornamental monitor roof. It is of one story and covers no more space than a peasant's cottage. A custodian from a house close by turned the key, swung open the massive oak doors, and we entered the little hall.

In the center of the stone floor our guide lifted a pair of trap doors, and we descended one at a time into a little stone cellar some six by eight feet on the ground and six feet high. In this small pit the stout peasant woman, Margit, wife of Tomte Matts Larsson, hid great Gustavus Vasa when the Danish soldiers were close on his track; and with woman's ready wit placed a great tub filled with Christmas ale she was brewing over the trap door, entirely concealing it from the prying eyes of the Danes who entered the cottage a moment afterwards.

The sides of this little cellar are walled up with rough, rounded stones, laid one on the other without mortar, and piled up as rudely as the stone walls of a New England hill-side farm, and the pit is covered by an arched vault of brick laid in cement.

Our guide informed us that the entire cellar stood just as it was when Margit pushed Gustavus into it, and I suppose this

is true as to the rude stone wall; but the vaulted brick roof is a structure such as no peasant of the sixteenth century ever built, and although some dates as early as 1700 were cut in the bricks they unquestionably belong to a much later time than the first Vasa, a time when the cellar had become historic, and an effort was made to preserve it.

We looked at the paintings hung on the walls. One of them represented the event in commemoration of which the monument is built. Gustavus, woodman's axe in hand, is just descending into the cellar. Margit, with both hands on the huge ale-tub, stands ready to place it over him. The fumes of the ale she is brewing rise from a great kettle hanging on a crane in the vast open fireplace, and out through the window you see the Danish horsemen coming on at a gallop.

As we strolled back to Mora the opinion of our little party was pretty accurately voiced by a fair daughter of Sweden; "*na väl*," she said, "I do not think it is a monument to Gustaf Vasa at all. True, he was saved here, but it was Margit who saved him. The whole invention, merit, and success of the action belong to her, and Gustaf was only a passive instrument in her hands. To my mind that little hall is a monument to the Dalkulla Margit and to woman's quick wit." To this sentiment we all shouted bravo.

With the story of the great founder of the Vasa line in our minds, we strolled on to Mora Church, and ascended the height where Gustavus stood and fired the hearts of his countrymen on that clear, cold Christmas Day, three hundred and sixty-five years ago.

The Dal River lapsed by us in the ruddy twilight like a flood of gold; the church stood bathed with the glow of sunset, and the great clock in the belfry struck the hour of ten with sturdy, ringing blows, that reverberated far and wide over the quiet land.

I sauntered into the church-yard. The monuments are all low crosses of wood painted white, and the inscriptions are printed on paper set into the wood and covered with glass. On the front of the cross is the name of him who rests below, and the date of his birth and death. On the reverse side is the epitaph. It was midnight before I returned to the hotel, but I could see to read with ease, and the northern side of every stone wall and house and tree and cliff was



A RÄTTVIK TYPE.



A FAMILY FROM DELSBO.

aglow with the mingled fires of sunset and dawn.

Next morning we steamed back down the lake and up its great eastern cove to Rättvik. We walked past the old church, and found the parsonage on the hillside beyond, sitting in the midst of a garden of trees and flowers. The view from the balcony over the lake and to the rolling, cultivated hills rising from the farther shore is one of the most charming in Dalecarlia.

The worthy parson met us clad in a long and flowing dressing-gown. A smoking-cap

rested on his head, and he held a massive and cherished pipe in his hand. Both he and his wife were very attentive, and pointed out the beautiful view, and showed us their flowers and vegetables. This good couple had lived here for thirty years. They were childless and petted the plants in their garden. The parson had frequently been offered exchange and promotion, "but," quoth he, "no other parsonage in Sweden has such a view as this. I could not be happy elsewhere. No, here will I live, here will I die."

Bright bits of color were the maidens we

met along the road. The skirts of their dresses were of some dark blue stuff except in front. Here from the waist down, for the space that would be covered by an ample apron, the dress was white, black, yellow, red and green in transverse bars about two inches wide; each bar was divided throughout its entire length by a narrow rib or back-bone of red, and these gaudy stripes repeated themselves down to the feet. The waist of these dresses was very low, not much more than a broad belt, and above this rounded out the white chemise, covering bust and arms and surmounted with a narrow lace collar round the neck. Outside the collar was a large, gaudy kerchief caught together on the breast by a round silver brooch with three pendants. On the girls' heads was a black helmet of thick cloth, with a narrow red rim in the seam. The helmet rose to a point on top and came low down in the neck behind, where depended two black bands ending in red woolly globes that played about their shoulders. Under the helmet might be seen the edge of a white kerchief bound about their brows, and beneath the kerchief escape a flood of golden ringlets that wave above bright, blue eyes and adown brown ruddy cheeks. As long as one meets these maidens and sees them courtesy, smile, and their lips move with a pleasant *god afton*, one will not lack for points of color.

This parish of Rättvik is the Arcadia of Dalarne. Here are the prettiest maids and the brightest costumes. Each parish about the lake has its own distinguishing dress, and none but Rättvik has the rainbow skirt front. At Mora only a colored kerchief is worn about the head. At Leksand, a little round red cap, placed far back on the head. When the girl of Leksand marries she changes her red cap for a white one of the same form, and with a border of lace; but if she becomes a widow, off comes the lace.

Formerly every province throughout Sweden had its own distinguishing costume, which was worn by all the inhabitants. But Sweden is now fast becoming cosmopolitan as well as the rest of Europe, and the lover of the picturesque sees with regret that these pretty costumes are worn less and less every year. Besides the costumes of the Dalecarlian parishes, perhaps the most attractive that are still worn are those of Vingåker, in Södermåland, Delsbo,

in Norrland, and the light, graceful dresses of the Province of Bliking, whose maidens are celebrated throughout all Sweden for their beauty.

The people of Dalecarlia are noted for their honesty, industry, and thrift. They frequently travel outside the province and seek work in the larger cities of Sweden. They are willing to perform almost any labor, no matter how menial, so that it be honest, and they will work for little pay provided that pay is sure.

In Stockholm the man who does the chores about your house is quite sure to be a man from the Dales. The girls who bring home the bundles you have purchased at the shops are frequently from Rättvik. They come tripping up to your door, clad in their pretty costumes, and are all smiles and courtesies as you give them a small coin for their trouble.

Should you go to the island of Strömsborg for a lunch, it is a girl from Dalarne, bright, neat, and strong, that sits at the oars in the little ferry boat and rows you across.

These brightly-clad, bright-faced country maidens,—you often meet them on the busy streets of Stockholm, and they give a certain pleasant color and tone to the outdoor life of the capital, even as they did to the lonely road along which I was driving.

The Dalecarlians are of a more mechanical turn than other Swedes. The men are good smiths, basket weavers, and clock makers, and the women excel in hair work. They make long journeys to dispose of their wares, the girls carrying their hair work in neat wooden boxes, painted in quaint designs. Wherever they travel or work, their heart remains at home in their native Dales, and their object always is to save up enough money so that they may be able to live in Dalecarlia; and when, by the most self-denying economy, they have laid up a sufficient sum, they return to spend their days near the loved spot where they were born.

At an early hour on the following day I walked from the hotel through a grove to where Leksand's church, with its Russian ball spire, crowns the promontory and looks out over lake and river. Over the surface of the lake, of a Sabbath morning, you may see the congregation pulling towards this point in long, low boats, some of them propelled by eight or ten pairs of bulky oars. The



BLIKINJE BEAUTIES.

prows of the boats are run on to the beach at Barkdal, a little spruce-shaded valley just north of the church; and here the belles of the Dales freshen up their curls with the help of a comb and a bit of looking-glass before, in many-colored procession, they wend their way slowly up the narrow glen to church.

A grass-bordered path, under a line of pretty birches, follows along the side of the road to the house of Bröms Olof Larsson.

"We are a poor people here in the Dales," he said, "but we would get along much better were it not for our laws and customs regarding the distribution of real estate.

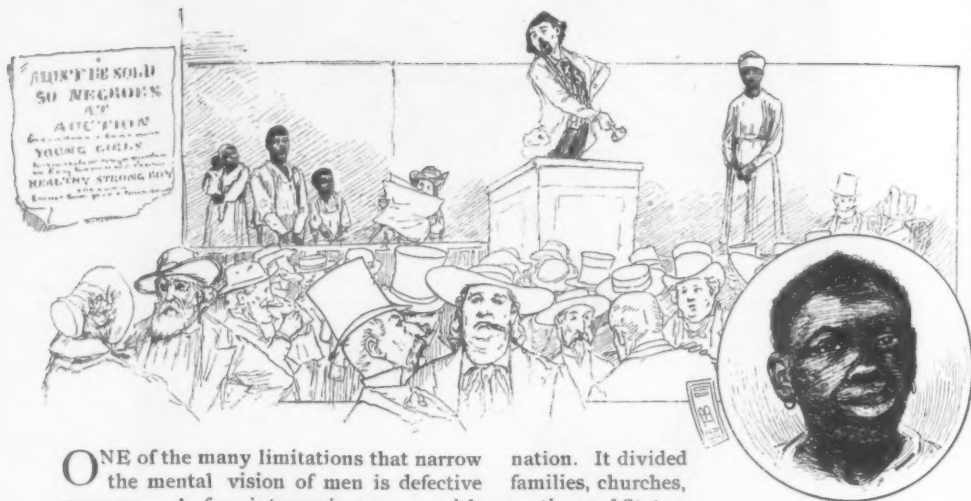
When a father dies his farm is cut up and divided among all his children. The mother generally has a farm too, and at her death this is distributed in like manner. So it goes on from generation to generation, till now the country is all cut up, like a checker-board, into thousands of little holdings."

After an early dinner I dropped down stream in the steamer *Gustaf Vasa*. Bröms Olof accompanied me to the boat, and shook hands warmly as he bade me good-by, and a few hours after, the rail-cars whirled me out of Dalecarlia and away from its simple, honest, church-going, God-fearing people.

THE GREAT AGITATION.

FIFTH PAPER—REMINISCENCES.

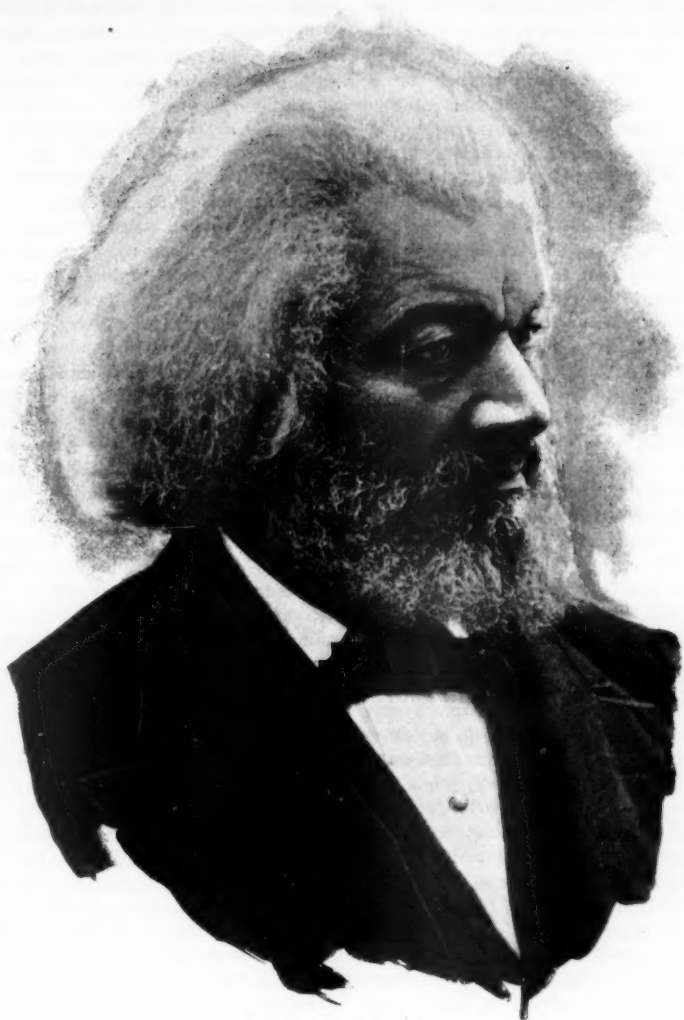
BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.



ONE of the many limitations that narrow the mental vision of men is defective memory. A few intervening years, with their ever-changing scenes, leave to most of us only a vague and confused impression of what has gone before. Events which rocked the nation and stirred the public mind to its utmost depths are soon allowed to drop into oblivion. Perhaps no people more than ourselves exhibit this apparent infirmity of memory. Our life is more like the rapids of Niagara than like the river. We are not as the Bourbon, who neither learns nor forgets. We do both. Caring little for the dead past, we live in the present, and yet the past is our wisest and best instructor. In its dim and shadowy outlines we may, if we will, discern in some measure those elements of wisdom which should guide the present and secure the welfare of the future. We are now only a few years removed from one of the most interesting, instructive, and stupendous moral and political conflicts that ever engaged the thoughts and stirred the hearts of men. It was the struggle of a great nation to rid itself of a system of barbarism, which hindered its progress and rendered national unity impossible. This struggle was the antislavery movement. It came, in the language of Scripture, not to send peace, but a sword, and yet only its success could bring permanent peace to the

nation. It divided families, churches, parties, and States, and finally rent asunder the nation at the center, and filled the land with hostile armies. It plowed its way through a million of lives, and piled up a debt heavier than a mountain of gold. Though it ended only a quarter of a century ago, few of the present active generation have clear views of the nature of that immense struggle, and understand the secret of its power. My own knowledge of it is not as complete as it might have been had I lived always in the North. Its origin found me one among the millions it came to liberate. It was not until near the close of its first decade that I became an active worker in it. My recollection of it, however, dates back, in a somewhat shadowy way, to 1829, and this was before the organization of the American Antislavery Society. The name most heard then in connection with it was that of Benjamin Lundy, a most earnest and self-sacrificing advocate of emancipation. At this time, in respect of slavery, the nation was asleep, and desired to sleep on, and was not in the best humor at being awakened.

I resided at this time in Baltimore, and was employed in the ship-yard of Harrison & Auld; and it was here, among the shipcarpenters, calkers, and riggers, that I first



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

heard the word—abolition. It was then a very big word to me. I did not know its meaning, but there was something in the tone in which it was spoken that awakened my curiosity. An old volume of Walker's Dictionary unlocked to me what it meant, and still I did not know exactly to what it was being applied. This, however, was not long in dawning upon me. There was something in the bitter contempt and hate with which Abolitionists and negroes were

spoken of together that led me to think that the thing to be abolished was none other than negro slavery. I was further confirmed in this impression by a handbill picked up in the street, headed in large letters, "The Bobolitionists!" denouncing negroes and ridiculing Abolitionists.

A little further on came the insurrection of Nat Turner, in Southampton, Va.—a circumstance which stirred the whole State with alarm. It was denounced as the fruit

of abolitionism. The excitement and fury of the slave-holders knew no bounds. Even in Maryland, men talked of going down to Southampton and shooting negroes indiscriminately, without regard to their guilt or innocence. Though I was but a boy at the time, I often heard myself referred to, and cursed, as one who would probably be another Nat Turner. Old Tom Lanman, one of our ship-carpenters, used to boast that he had killed three negroes, and to reproach the other carpenters that they had not done as much as himself for their country. At a later date, having learned to read, in spite of the efforts made to prevent me, I saw by the papers that one John Quincy Adams was offering petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It was all out now. I saw through the whole of it. Though I had been taught, by the slave-holding catechism, to believe that God had made me a slave, and the white man my master, and that it was a sin for me to be dissatisfied with my condition, my faith upon these points was neither clear nor strong. I did not believe a bit of it. I do not remember when I did not look upon my slavery as a grievous wrong, and when I did not believe that it could not continue forever.

In 1838, not being disposed to wait for the fulfillment of my hope for the final end of slavery, I "moved away" from Baltimore, Md., to New Bedford, Mass., and here I received my first personal knowledge of the people and proceedings I had heard so bitterly denounced by the slave-holders of Maryland. Here, also, I discovered some of the obstacles that confronted the movement in which these people were engaged. For even in the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts, now the foremost antislavery State in the Union, abolitionism met with violent opposition. Fortunately for me, I was not long, after reaching New Bedford, in witnessing a genuine abolition meeting, with all the conditions and concomitants characteristic of such meetings at that time in the Northern States generally. It was held in an old, dilapidated deserted church, at the corner of William and Purchase Streets, for at that time nothing better in the way of a building could be procured for such a meeting. Nor was the place entirely unsuitable, in view of the treatment it received at the hands of the mob on this

occasion; for, very much to the alarm and consternation of the audience assembled, it was the target for brickbats, stones, unsavory eggs, and other missiles. These were called "proslavery arguments," and expressed the sentiments of the mass of the people of New Bedford at that day. It is, however, true to say that these mobocratic demonstrations did not represent the sentiment of what are called the better class of citizens. While most of that class were opposed to abolitionism, they were also opposed to any violation of the right of speech and the right of peaceable assembly. Of this class were the Roaches, Rodmans, Robinsons, and Congdons, and through their efforts many meetings were thereafter held, and peaceably held, by the Abolitionists. It is interesting to notice what one or two men can do in forwarding a righteous cause in the face of a hostile community. The man in this town who illustrated this power most prominently was Mr. John Bailey, a quiet Quaker, one of the most amiable of men, yet one of the most aggressive in the maintenance of his principles. At his invitation, other abolition meetings were speedily held in the same place, and were addressed by gentlemen distinguished for their eloquence. Among them were Henry C. Wright, Stephen S. Foster, James N. Buffum, Edwin Thompson, Nathaniel Whiting, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, and others. The only one of these early abolition speakers now remaining is the venerable Parker Pillsbury, nearly eighty years old, and still a man of wonderful vigor and activity. It was at one of these meetings that I saw and heard for the first time the late William Lloyd Garrison, then, as now, admitted the leader of the antislavery movement. It may have been due to my having been a slave, and my intense hatred of slavery, but no face and form ever impressed me with such sentiments and such hopes as did those of William Lloyd Garrison. I saw in a glance that in him the hour and the man were harmoniously met. His trumpet gave no uncertain sound. He carried his heart in his face. There was no contradiction between the speech and the man. His power was not in a fine flow of dazzling rhetoric, but in his character, his convictions, and his high moral purpose. Though compara-

tively young at the time I first heard him, his head was bald, and his appearance venerable. Ten years of leadership in a persecuted cause had left their tracery in all his features. In some parts of the country he was an outlaw, and would have been shot on sight. Two States had offered large rewards for his head. He had felt the damp walls of two prisons. With a halter about his neck, in the streets of Boston, he had heard the mad mob cry, "Hang him!" "Hang him!" Yet there he stood, erect, self-poised, serene, neither bewailing his hardships nor glorying in his triumphs.

A man must have experienced the life of a slave to fully understand the feeling with which I was inspired by my first meeting with white men and women who had thoroughly espoused the cause of the enslaved negro. My feeling was one of surprise as well as of joy and hope. Until coming North, I had never deemed it possible for white people to sympathize with the slave as against the slave-holder, and it was a marvel to me that the Abolitionists not only sympathized with the negro, but remembered him in bonds as being bound with him. The revelation was an unspeakably happy one—a sort of new heaven and new earth. I saw in it the certain downfall of slavery.

The history of this great struggle is instructive in many ways. It not only illustrates the wisdom and potency of moral agitation as a means of removing great evils and promoting reform, but also the tremendous price that must be paid for every inch in the march of human progress, and it would seem that the more obvious the truth asserted, the more bitter is the opposition to its demands. Nothing, for instance, could be plainer and more obvious to commonsense than the right of a man to his own body; and yet, for affirming and advocating this self-evident truth, men and woman were subjected to the bitterest persecution. One of the earliest and most powerful publications in favor of emancipation was the appeal by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. At the time of writing it she was the most popular woman writer in the United States. Her books were read with pleasure in every State of the Union. But after this appeal she was even deprived of the privilege of the Boston Athenæum, which had before honored her with the freedom of the institution. For teaching col-

ored girls to read, Miss Crandall had been imprisoned in Connecticut. For the same offense, Myrtilla Miner was threatened with a mob in Washington, and a school-house was destroyed by a mob in New Hampshire. In New York, Chatham Street Chapel was assailed, and the store of Arthur Tappan threatened by the mob. Neither the press nor the pulpit offered resistance to this mob violence, and the governments of towns and cities appeared little concerned to keep the peace.

One of the remarkable things in respect of this agitation was the length of time that it held the public mind. Men generally tire of hearing the same arguments, however elegantly stated, and men sometimes tire of stating them; yet the Abolitionists kept up what Daniel Webster was pleased to call their "rub-a-dub-dub," with unflagging zeal, during more than thirty years.

Outside of the tariff, which subject has turned up periodically with every election since Adams and Jackson, the speeches, resolutions, and addresses of no class during the last fifty years require a larger space in the public libraries than those of the Abolitionists. Their books begin with Mrs. Child's "Appeal," and end with Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They begin with a woman and end with a woman, and to woman the cause was most largely indebted during all the struggle.

But the Abolitionists had something more than their energy, zeal, and persistence to keep their cause before the people. Their whole movement illustrated the fact that "nothing can be done against the truth, but for the truth." All along, the bad cause destroyed itself. The efforts to shield the slave system and make it respectable only increased its odiousness, multiplied its enemies, and hastened its destruction. It was a sorry day for slavery when it attempted to rifle the mails; to abolish freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, the right of the people to assemble, the right of petition; to censure John Quincy Adams, and to expel Joshua R. Giddings from Congress,—for these measures only added fuel to the flame of abolitionism. Mr. Giddings subjected himself to the bitter reproaches of the slave-holders, by exposing the blood-hound character of the Florida war, which was notoriously undertaken because the slaves of

Georgia found more humanity in the breasts of the Seminole savages in Florida than in those of their Christian masters in Georgia, and preferred to run to the one than to stay with the other. Everything helped us. The destruction of the antislavery press of James G. Birney, at Cincinnati; the shameless demand made by our government upon England for compensation for the slaves of the brig *Creole*, who had nobly gained their freedom on the high seas, and were allowed to land in a British port; the successive attempts to filibuster and capture Central America and the island of Cuba, for the extension of slavery; the expulsion of Hon. Samuel Hoar of Massachusetts from Charleston, S. C.; the annexation of Texas for the purpose of strengthening and perpetuating slavery; the hateful and disgraceful war with Mexico; the effort to revive the foreign slave-trade; the enactment of the inhuman fugitive slave bill; the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; the cold, merciless, and shocking decision of Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case; the persistent attempt under President Buchanan to force slavery into Kansas by border-ruffian warfare; the haughty manners and barbarous behavior of Southern members of Congress; the murderous assault upon Senator Sumner, by Preston Brooks of South Carolina; the branding of the hand of Jonathan Walker for assisting a slave to escape; the imprisonment of Mrs. Douglass in Norfolk, Va., for teaching colored children to read; the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill.; the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia; the hunting of slaves in Boston, Christiana, and Syracuse; the hanging of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, —were so many links in the chain of events that finally roused the loyal nation to the point of resistance to the aggressive spirit of slavery; and hence the war, which, through Providence, brought emancipation to millions, who, it appears, could not have been freed by any other means.

Bad and indefensible upon moral grounds as was the system of slavery, it never lacked defenders. The money value of the slaves of the United States was reckoned by Henry Clay, in 1839, at twelve hundred millions of dollars. This was enough to buy the support of parties, presses, pulpits, politicians, and preachers. No cause was ever so good

that it escaped assault, and none was ever so bad that it did not find earnest defenders. The arguments in support of slavery were generally presented with a show of interest in the welfare of the slave, rather than in that of the master.

All along the earlier agitation of the question, we had everywhere to hear the following objections: "The slaves are better off in slavery." "They are contented and happy." "They could not take care of themselves." "They have kind masters." "They would not be free if they could." "They are too lazy to work for themselves." "They would all come North and take work out of the hands of the white men." "They are better off here than they were in Africa." "You can never educate them." "They now have the gospel preached to them." "They never can be improved." "They need masters to care for them." "They made no progress in Africa." "They are not like white people." "They are of an inferior race." "You are meddling with what does not concern you." "You had better mind your own business." "You are only making the condition of the negro worse by your agitation." "You should leave the negro where your fathers left him." "You have put back the cause fifty years." "You will never put down slavery in God's world." "If God wanted slavery abolished, he would have done it long ago." "You are wise above what is written." "What have we to do with slavery?" "The people of the South inherited slavery." "The negroes are property." "You would not give up your property." "What would you do with the negroes if you had them?" "What better is the North than the South?" "The North once held slaves!" "Would you marry a negro?" "I hate slavery as much as you do, but I would send the negro to Africa where he belongs." "Would you turn them all loose?" "The Bible sanctions slavery." "The Saviour said nothing against slavery." "Onesimus the runaway was sent back to his master." "Washington was a slave-holder." "England forced slavery upon us."

Nothing in the history of public debate can surpass the vehemence and bitterness with which the Abolitionists were plied, upon every hand, with these and similar now stale sentences. Looking back to the

discussion, one is amazed at the calmness and patience of the Abolitionists in answering the absurd, contradictory, and trivial objections with which they were opposed. They would spend hours and write books to refute the Bible argument for slavery. Now nobody cares to argue the question whether the Bible sustains slavery or not. When there are no slave-holders to hunt down slaves, there are no eminent doctors of divinity to write pamphlets and preach sermons in favor of the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Paul's sending Onesimus back to Philemon lost its significance with the abolition of slavery.

Many illustrations could be given of the cool impudence with which the holders of slaves asserted their right of property in their brother men. One among many instances of this kind happened to me in the office of the New York *Tribune*, forty-five years ago. Horace Greeley introduced me to General Rusk, a senator from Texas. In the politest tones imaginable that statesman proceeded to argue that my right to myself was an error, and that I was still the property of my Southern master. It was hard to suppress my indignation long enough to refute his arguments, which stood simply on the ground of superiority, and the right of the superior man to own the inferior. Perhaps it was my vanity, but I saw nothing in the mental or physical ability of Mr. Rusk to make him a fit owner of anybody's body but his own.

One of the chief obstacles to the abolition movement was the low estimate formed and entertained of the negro as a man. In this respect he was about as badly off at the North as at the South. Fifty years ago Massachusetts to him was something like what Georgia is to him to-day. He was not permitted in the same railway car, in the same steamboat cabin, or on the same deck, with white persons. When I traveled in public conveyances my color usually secured me the luxury of a whole seat. There were instances, however, when this advantage was denied me. On the New York Central Railway, between Geneva and Rochester, I had comfortably gathered up myself at night, in a whole seat, for a nap. Failing to observe my color, a white gentleman approached and asked to share the seat with me. I besought him not to sit down, and

told him I was a negro. He answered that he didn't care what the devil I was; he wanted to sit down. Drawing aside to make room for him, I said, "Well, my friend, if you can stand it, I can;" and I had with him a very pleasant ride and conversation the whole length of the journey. In a street-car in Philadelphia the conductor ordered me out; and Mrs. Amy Post, a white lady sitting beside me, said, "No: he shall not go out!" "Does he belong to you?" asked the conductor. "He does," replied the lady. "All right," said the conductor, and I held my place. Thus I could ride in a street-car, in the City of Brotherly Love, as a piece of property, but not as a person; as a slave, but not as a free man. This was the absurd homage paid at the North to slavery at the South. No matter how well-dressed, intelligent, and cultivated a man or woman might be; no matter how white they might be—if suspected of being related to the African race, they were promptly subjected to this contemptible proscription on all public conveyances. Entering a crowded car on the road from Boston to New Bedford, and seeing but one vacant seat, I politely asked the gentleman occupying one end of it if the seat was vacant. He did not deign to answer, but, with much show of indignation, rose and sauntered off to the rear end of the car, preferring to stand rather than to ride in the same seat with me. A little farther on, however, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." Honorable John Henry Clifford, at one time governor of Massachusetts, and one of the finest-looking gentlemen I ever met, came to my seat and held with me a very friendly conversation. His example at once cured the resentment of my offended fellow-passenger, who, upon opportunity, returned to his seat, and made himself quite agreeable during the remainder of the way. His prejudice was simply cowardice. He was afraid of the frowns of others. On the other hand, I have sometimes met persons who, in their zeal to express contempt for this prejudice, have "overstepped the modesty of nature." A white man, not unknown to me, once took my arm, in New York, saying *he* was not ashamed to walk with me in Broadway. It seemed never to occur to him that for any reason I might be ashamed to walk with him.

Sometimes other men, like my Broadway friend, took pains to remind me that they would rather be in my company than in that of a low, ignorant white man. It is needless to say that I did not feel flattered by the well-intended comparison. On the Eastern Railroad, running from Boston to Portland, I was several times beaten and dragged from the cars by conductors and brakemen, for attempting to ride with other people. A vigorous testimony was uttered by the Abolitionists against this senseless and cruel prejudice. The singular thing was that any negro, as already illustrated, no matter how black, could ride in the same car or cabin with his master and mistress, as a slave, but on no condition could he so ride as a freeman and a gentleman. As a slave, his bondage made him free. As a freeman, his freedom made him a slave, and compelled him to ride in a miserable box on the railroad, and on the forward deck, with horses, sheep, and swine, upon the steamboat. On one of the Boston and Stonington steamers, I was refused a cabin passage, and compelled to walk the deck all night, or stow myself away with deck freight. Wendell Phillips was along, and nobly refused to go into the cabin because I was excluded, accepting the rough passage of the deck with myself, as did Professor James Monroe, now of Oberlin, Ohio, on another and similar occasion.

The Abolitionists of Oakland built a huge shed, in which was held one of our one hundred conventions. The roughest handling we received anywhere was in the State of Indiana. Many of its inhabitants were from Virginia and North Carolina, and they felt that in loyalty to their native States they must suppress the antislavery agitation. So we were met everywhere with opposition and often with mobs. In Pendleton, now a leading antislavery town in Indiana, we were attacked and driven off by the fiercest and most determined mob that anywhere confronted us during our five months' campaign. In this mob, our friend and co-worker, Micajah White, who kindly piloted us through the country, was severely bruised and beaten, and had two of his teeth knocked out. William A. White, one of our speakers, was felled with a heavy bludgeon. I also was knocked nearly senseless, and had my right hand broken. I believe all who held these conventions, except Professor Monroe, of Oberlin, and myself, have passed away. Yet they all, with the exception of the noble young William A. White (who left wealth, ease, and fine prospects, to serve our cause), lived to see the public mind enlightened, the antislavery sentiment take the form of arms, emancipation proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln, the slaves made free, the country redeemed, and its possible future thereby made cloudless.

FAITH.

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.

ALONE she bears the mystic flame,—
A torch that like a star doth gleam ;
A leader, she, without a name :
Alone she bears the mystic flame.

A darkness falls across her way ;
Her face is rapt as in a dream.
Perchance she murmurs, "Where is day?"

She walks afar ;—none other near,
Yet by her side speed silent feet ;
Strange voices fall on her fine ear.

She leads the way that man shall tread,—
Whose centuries time the ceaseless beat
Of living following the dead ;
She leads the way that man shall tread.

THE DIGNITY, RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITY OF LABOR.

BY HIS EMINENCE JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE Redeemer of mankind has never conferred a greater temporal blessing on the human race than by ennobling and sanctifying labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation that had been branded upon it. He is ushered into the world not envired by the splendor of imperial majesty, nor attended by the force of mighty legions. He comes rather as the reputed child of an artisan, and the days of His boyhood and early manhood are spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?"

The primeval curse attached to labor has been obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. He has shed a halo around the workshop, and has lightened the mechanic's tools by assuming the trade of an artisan. If the profession of a general, a jurist, a statesman, and a prelate is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, a Burke, and a Carroll, how much more is the calling of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ!

I can not conceive any thought better calculated to ease the yoke and to lighten the burden of the Christian toiler than the reflection that the highest type of manhood had voluntarily devoted Himself to manual labor.

Labor is honorable on other grounds. It contributes to the prosperity of the country, and whatever conduces to a nation's well-fare is most worthy of commendation. It is not the office or occupation that dignifies the man, but it is the man that dignifies the office.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

The world seems to be stretching its limbs and turning uneasily in its second stage of the yawn which precedes awakening to the dignity and necessity of labor: for it is now fashionable to believe that not part, but all of its sons and daughters must learn to labor. No longer do we hear the crude cry of the French Revolution: "Down with the rich man," but the more civilized one of "Down with the idle classes." "There must be no idle classes," say the optimists, and further: "If the interests of production do not require it, the interests of morality do." Tolstoi goes to his plow to teach the world by example; Bellamy writes a book that has already profoundly stirred a million hearts; Henry George, in England, and Padre Agostino, in Italy, all discuss the one subject: "Equitable division of property, and still more important, equitable division of toil." The things they say are uncomfortable for some of us. We yawn, and rub our eyes. Can this be an awakening to the purer Christianity which means highest civilization? The world has become alert; it is listening for every footfall along its pathway of advance. It is worth while, then, to receive from the pen of an American Cardinal his opinions upon the labor question, and gratifying when we find him a thorough republican, in close elbow-touch with his fellow-men and with the best thought of his age.—EDITOR.

Cincinnatus lent dignity to agriculture by working at the plow. Caligula, by an infamous life, degraded his crown and imperial purple.

De Tocqueville could not pay a juster and more beautiful tribute of praise to the genius of our country than when he wrote in 1835 that every honest occupation in the United States was honorable. The honest, industrious man is honored among us, whether he work with his hands or with his brains, because he is an indispensable factor in the nation's progress. He is the bee in the social hive; he is the benefactor of his race, because he is always producing something for the common weal.

God bless the noble working men
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of our lands.

As an evidence of the esteem in which the thrifty son of toil is held among us, we see from daily observation that the humblest avocations of life are no bar whatever to the highest preferment in the Commonwealth, when talent and ability are allied to patient industry. Franklin was a printer; President Lincoln's youthful days were spent in wielding the axe and in handling the plow on his father's farm. President Johnson in his boyhood was apprenticed to a tailor. Grant was the son of a tanner, and Garfield once drove a canal-boat. These examples are given not to excite a morbid and feverish ambition in the heart of the laborer or the artisan, but to illustrate the truth that no stain is affixed to the lowliest pursuits of life.

In honoring and upholding labor, the nation is strengthening its own hands as well as paying a tribute to worth. For a contented and happy working-class is the best safeguard of the Republic, while ill-paid and discontented laborers, like the starving and enslaved populace of Rome in the time of Augustus Cæsar, would be a constant menace and reproach to the country.

Labor has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England.

In our days there is a universal tendency toward organization in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength in the physical, moral, and social world; and just as the power and majesty of our Republic are derived from the political union of the several States, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual efforts. Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to-day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation, from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle, is controlled by a corporation.

When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to workingmen the right to band together because of the abuses incident to such combinations, as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals.

Another potent reason for encouraging labor unions suggests itself. Secret societies, lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments, have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of those governments, and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people, have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to

conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the school of self-government and in the art of self-discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous societies; it exposes to the light of public scrutiny the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of the members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens, and with a laudable desire of meriting the approval of their fellow-citizens. "It is better," as Matthew Arnold observes, "that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

God forbid that the prerogatives which we are maintaining for the working-classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not and need not be any conflict between labor and capital, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of the members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the laborer is an enemy of social order. Every measure should therefore be discountenanced that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view we venture to touch this delicate subject, and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, we shall be amply rewarded.

That "the laborer is worthy of his hire" is the teaching of Christ as well as the dic-

tate of reason itself. He is entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services. He deserves something more, and that is kind and considerate treatment. There would be less ground for complaint against employers if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them."

Our sympathies for those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines, or the factory, are wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place, and asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated under similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings; that they have feelings like ourselves; that they are stung by a sense of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, and softened by kindness; and that it largely rests with us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy.

Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole pleasure of counting their bonds and contemplating their gold in secret. No! They acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness. Now, there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And we are speaking here, not of the benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair-dealing tempered with benignity. Considerate Kindness is like her sister Mercy:

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

We are happy to say that commercial princes answering the description of the English bard do not wholly belong to an ideal and imaginary world, but are easily found in our great centers of commerce; and if the actual condition of the average wage-worker in this country is a safe criterion by which we are to estimate the character and public spirit of American employers, we believe that an impartial judgment will concede to the majority of them the honorable title of just, fair-dealing, and benevolent men. In our visits to England, Scotland, Ireland, and the continent of Europe, we have studied the condition of the laboring classes, and we are persuaded that the American workman

is better paid and fed, better clothed and housed, and usually better instructed, at least in the elements of useful knowledge, than his brethren across the Atlantic.

Instances of genuine sympathy and beneficence exercised by the heads of business concerns toward those in their employ could be easily multiplied. Some time ago the head of a Baltimore manufacturing company received a message announcing the total destruction by a flood of his uninsured mills, involving a loss of three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. On receiving the news, his first exclamation was: "What a loss to so many families! Here are two hundred men thrown out of employment!" Of the personal injury he sustained, he uttered not a word.

But while applauding the tender feelings and magnanimity of so many capitalists, we are constrained, in the interests of truth, humanity, and religion, to protest against the heartless conduct of others whose number, for the honor of our country, is, we hope, comparatively small.

When men form themselves into a business corporation, their personality is overshadowed, and their individual responsibility is lessened. And for this reason, many will assent in their corporate capacity to measures from which the dread of public opinion, or the dictates of conscience, would prompt them as individuals to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible proprietor than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferers.

No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions those heartless monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car of Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavor—not always, it is alleged, without success—to corrupt our national and state legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful

means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessities of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them entirely at the mercy of their taskmasters. To such *Shylocks* may well be applied the words of the apostle: "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you . . . you have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers, . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of sabaoth."

In the beginning of the present century Mr. Pitt uttered in the House of Commons the following words, which reveal the far-seeing mind of that great statesman:

"The time will come when manufactures will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages; and all the other manufacturers must follow. Then, when you are goaded with reductions and willing to flee your country, France and America will receive you with open arms; and then farewell to our commercial state. If ever it does arrive to this pitch, Parliament (if it be not then sitting) ought to be called together, and if it can not redress your grievances, its power is at an end. Tell me not that Parliament can not; it is omnipotent to protect."

How forcibly this language applies now to our own country, and how earnestly the warning should be heeded by the constituted authorities! The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations, as well as to the laboring classes, against unscrupulous monopolies. It would be also a humane measure if the government interposed its authority in forbidding both capitalists and parents to employ children under a certain age, and at a period of life which ought to be devoted

to their physical, intellectual, and moral development.

But if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed, it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against.

As these societies are composed of members very formidable in numbers, varied in character, temperament, and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration, than corporations of capitalists; and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact, and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers.

They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

They should be also jealous of the reputation and good name of the rank and file of the society, as well as of its chosen leaders. For while the organization is ennobled, and commands the respect of the public, by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach on the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community. They should therefore be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism, and nihilism; those land-pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce, and trade of the country; whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the government that protects them, are bent on its destruction, and, instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way, despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land.

We are persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business houses, is not only disapproved of by an impartial public sentiment,



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when by a mandate of the society he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every center of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good feeling which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live" is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best a very questionable remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property, and, above all, they result in inflicting grievous injury on the laborer himself, by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffers from the want of even the necessities of life.

From official statistics furnished by Bradstreet and Carroll D. Wright, United States Com-

missioner of Labor, for eight years ending December, 1888, comes following summary :

Number of strikes in the United States for eight years.....	5,453
Number of employed involved in the strikes.....	1,879,282
Loss to employed in wages.....	\$77,538,324

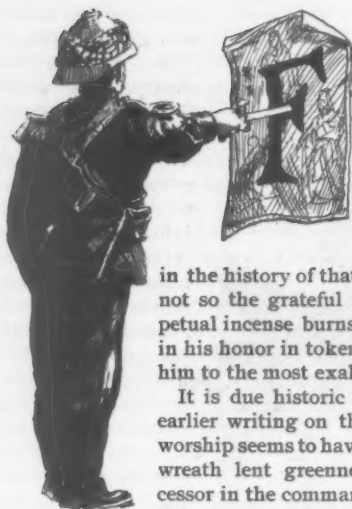
The loss inflicted by the strikes on the employers is but a little over half the amounts sustained by the employed, who could much less afford to bear it.

It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the laboring classes if the policy of arbitration which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method ; for while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive ; the result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of argument.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN CHINA.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF GENERAL FREDERICK WARD.

BY G. T. FERRIS.



ORTUNE was weaving history in the years 1861-2 with a swift shuttle that made the fiercest whirr and tumult. Americans were too intent on the business of their own great slaughter-house to care a jot about a similar performance going on in a much less workmanlike fashion on the opposite side of the globe. The rush of events since has overlaid the traces of General Frederick Townsend Ward's deeds in China, deeply as they were etched in the history of that country. But if his own countrymen have forgotten, not so the grateful nation which he helped to save from anarchy. Perpetual incense burns before the shrines of three memorial temples erected in his honor in token of that regard which, had he lived, would have lifted him to the most exalted military rank.

It is due historic justice that something should be done to restore the earlier writing on the palimpsest of the last thirty years. English hero-worship seems to have believed that every leaf snatched from Ward's laurel wreath lent greenness to that of Gordon. To belittle Gordon's predecessor in the command of the "Ever-Victorious Army," which ground the Tai-ping rebellion into powder, the man who raised, disciplined, and inspired that army, forging and sharpening its rude barbaric metal to a cutting edge, has been the function of not a few essayists and biographers. By these Ward has been stigmatized as merely a savage and greedy filibusterer, who fought for his own hand.

When Frederick Ward arrived in Shanghai in the fall of 1859, it was by no means his first visit. But he stood related to what he saw by the light of a new ambition. The shackles of trade had long vexed him. He was a racehorse harnessed to a truck. Several times, indeed, his military ardor had carried him off his legs and plunged him into eccentric adventure. The vicissitudes of a sea-life (he had passed through all the grades of the merchant marine) could not satiate his passion for action. Tormented by this fever for the extraordinary, fretted by failures, and baffled by small opportunities, he had gone to China saying to himself: "I will crush the Tai-ping rebellion,"—madman that he was. But it was the madness of the man of genius!

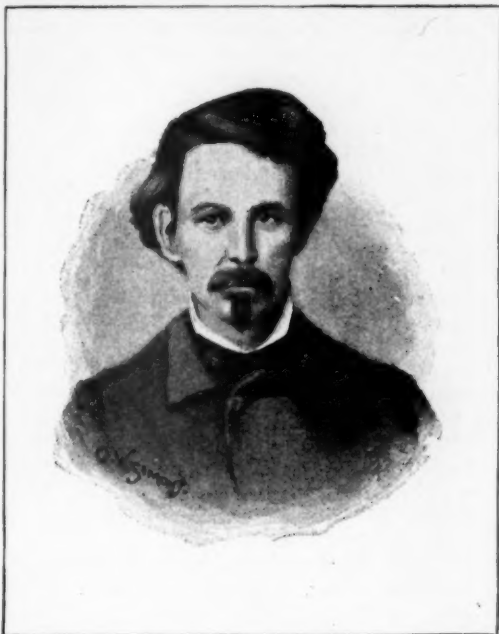
Since 1851 the Chinese Empire had been rent by one of the most devastating rebellions known to history. Hung Su Tsuen, a disappointed aspirant for literary honors, had become a crazy fanatic, and began to preach a new religion, which embodied, in part, his recollections of missionary teachings which he had heard at Canton. When he raised the banner of propagandism, he speedily drew to it all the floating scoundrelism of China. His great hordes of tatterdemalions gradually overran the richest provinces of the empire, and in 1860 he practically reigned over the provinces of Kiang-Su and Che-Kiang, which included the heart of the tea and silk districts, with Nankin as his capital. Crowned as the "Heavenly King," or Tien Wang, he challenged the recognition of the Western powers. Reliable estimates sum up the destruction caused by the Tai-ping rebellion (as it was known in Europe) as nearly two billion of taels (two billion five hundred million dollars), and from five million to ten million of human lives.

Another cause entered into the woes of the empire in 1860. The insolence of the Peking authorities, which did not even hide behind the plea of *non possumus* their contempt for the treaty of 1842, and their refusal to receive resident ministers at their capital,

drove France and England to enforce their rights with the bayonet point. The previous year, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, the plenipotentiaries of England and France respectively, in their attempt to force their way to Peking to exchange treaties, had subjected the small fleet at their disposal to a bloody repulse at the mouths of the Peiho. Mr. Ward, the American minister, alone had succeeded in reaching the sacred city and attaining the desired end. England and France now knocked at the gate with a powerful military and naval force. The second attack on the Peiho forts was followed by the allied advance on Peking. The burning and looting of the Summer Palace, the humiliation of the Peking authorities, and the radical revision of the old treaties, do not now need rehearsal.

The curious relation of the English to Chinese affairs is happily illustrated in the condition of affairs at Shanghai. While the main allied advance swept on to Peking, a force of sepoys and blue-jackets confronted the Tai-pings at Shanghai. England in the East bowed down before the idol of trade, which in some of its phases was as hideous as any of the stone monsters which disfigure the shrine of Buddha. Inspired by her deity she could throttle imperial authority with one hand and chastise its deadliest foe with the other. But the one she smote with a gauntlet of steel, the other with a velvet glove. While the Heavenly King respected the treaty-ports, and placed no embargo on the teas and silks which gorged the cash boxes of the British merchants, the spectacle of an ancient empire dropping to pieces excited no feeling but that of cynical curiosity.

The difficulties which beset the American adventurer can then be plainly seen. The agents of English power were anxious to preserve the *status quo* till they had settled on a course of action. Friendly relations must be preserved with the Tai-pings, so long as they respected the treaty-ports and refrained from harrying English trade. Ward could only look for bitter persecution from this quarter, as an intruder and mischief-maker. On the other hand, the powerful mandarins, intrenched in their hatred and



GEN. FREDERICK TOWNSEND WARD.
(From a Photograph taken in 1862.)

disdain of the "foreign devils," naturally turned a deaf ear to a stranger whose audacity was unsupported by prestige. His only resource was some desperate *coup de main* to break the deadlock.

A backward glance at Ward's life shows us the iron of a long race of Puritan ancestors in his blood. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, about 1828, he came of a family which had been dignified by more than one Colonial worthy. The excellent burgher who sired this dauntless spirit was a shipmaster who plowed "the swan's bath and the whale's path" in those days when Salem wharves, now rotting in idleness, were piled high with precious bales of spices, teas, and silk brought from the Indies by a commerce that made the town a beehive. Young Frederick pined for West Point, but his father thought there was nothing like the salt of the ocean to give savor to discipline. So the youngster was packed off to sea before the mast, and paid the price of three long voyages to earn a first-mate's warrant, being then only twenty years old. He acted as mate and captain for a number of years, in looks little

more than a beardless boy. Captain Paul, who for many years commanded one of the fine clippers owned by A. A. Low & Co., tells a significant story of Ward, then his first officer. The ship was off the mouth of the Hooghly, and there was a fierce squall coming up. The mutinous crew crowded into the fore-castle and refused to take in sail. The case had got beyond the argument of belaying-pins, and Captain Paul was at his wits' end. Not so Ward, his mate. Rushing to the powder locker he seized a keg of powder and knocked in the head. Thence he sprang to the cook's galley, snatched a flaming brand, and in a trice stood among the appalled mutineers, light and gunpowder perilously near each other. They read the desperate purpose that glared in the eyes of this figure of fate as he roared out, "Get aloft, you dogs, or I'll blow the ship and its crew to hell!" In five minutes every rag of canvas was snug, and the ship was saved.

The vicissitudes of Ward's earlier life were remarkable. He sought and found service in the Crimean war, in a French battalion. He fought for Juarez in Mexico during one of the numerous rebellions in that distracted country. Rumor has it that he marched with Walker, Henningsen, and Wheat in Nicaragua, but of this there is doubt. His military episodes were mixed with sea voyages to the East, and attempts to settle down to an orderly commercial life in New York. One of these caprices by which men sometimes find themselves linked to a great chain of events now carried him to China.

Once Ward's purpose was crystalized, he was not the man to waste time in dawdling and dreaming. He had made the acquaintance in Shanghai of an Englishman, known as Admiral Gough, who was in command of a small flotilla of gunboats in the imperialist service. Under Gough served Henry Burgevine, an American soldier of fortune, who afterwards became Ward's chief lieutenant. Through this English medium an introduction was obtained to the Chinese intendant of Shanghai, Wu, and to Tah-Kee, a mandarin of a low button and prominent in mercantile circles as trader and banker. Ward's plan was fully formulated. He offered to recruit and drill a foreign legion with which he would cover the city, and at the same time attack such of the Tai-ping strongholds as were within striking distance; and stipu-

lated that for every city captured he should receive seventy-five thousand dollars. Another provision was that his men, while they were held responsible for any outrages aside from plunder, should have the first day's looting; and that each place taken should be garrisoned by the Chinese troops, leaving him free for further operations. The Tautai of Shanghai and Tah-Kee agreed to this contract, and Ward at once proceeded to raise his force, it being understood that Tah-Kee should at the outset supply the arms, ammunition, and commissary supplies. General Ward—for so he was thenceforth to be known in China—entered the arena as a free-lance; he was fighting for recognition, and must show his capacity as a soldier before he could hope to gain the confidence of the higher authorities.

The provinces of Kiang-Su and Che-Kiang, in which the campaign was to be conducted, included the very heart of Chinese industry and civilization. They covered one fifteenth of the area, one sixth of the population, and represented one third of the revenue of the empire. With Nanking (the Tai-ping capital) as the apex, a triangle of two thousand miles in area, resting on Shanghai and Ning-po as the terminals of a base line, comprises a territory unsurpassed for richness of resources by any equivalent space in the world. A large extent of the region was held by the insurgents, and if they could drive the Imperialists into the sea, from which they were only held back by the foreign military and naval forces protecting Shanghai and the coast, they could expect immediate recognition from the European powers. This achieved, the Chinese Empire was doomed. It was only the uncertainty of the English Government—in spite of the predilections of Lord John Russell and Sir Frederick Bruce, the British minister, in its favor—as to the effect on English trade, that prevented this solution. We shall see how the American, Ward, who now entered the midst of these conflicting interests, completely changed their complexion.

General Ward at once set about gathering recruits in a camp outside of Shanghai. A number of brave and experienced officers flocked to his banner,—Henry Burgevine, whose daring was only matched by his lack of scruple; James Forrester, a gallant Amer-

ican who had seen service in more than one campaign; Barclay de Tolly, a brave Swiss whose sword had flashed under half-a-dozen standards; Franz Tartol, a grizzled Hungarian refugee, whose career had been a succession of daring exploits; and several others whose names were not unknown in Europe for gallantry and military skill. His recruits were mostly Lascars and Malays from Manilla,—a strange rabble to be sure, but just then there was no time to choose. He drilled them assiduously for about a month, and his Chinese ally, Tah-Kee, provided them with a miscellaneous lot of muskets. Of one thing he was sure. He had a contingent of some fifty Europeans—officers and enlisted men—who would fight with desperate hardihood as long as stock and gun-barrel held together.

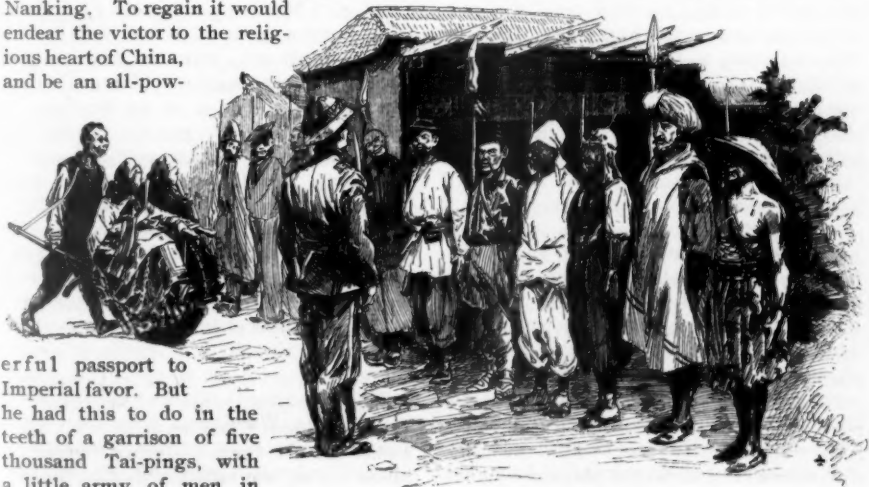
The first point selected for attack was the city of Sung-Kiang, situated on the Woon-sung River, about twenty-five miles above Shanghai; surrounded with walls twenty feet in height, five miles in circuit, and populated by one hundred thousand souls. This was one of the seven sacred cities of the empire, and hither had been wont to resort thousands of pilgrims from the most distant provinces, to prostrate themselves in the temple of Confucius, the oldest and most revered shrine of the empire. Its capture and the desecration of its altars had sent a thrill of horror through the Imperialists, not caused by even the loss of the great city of Nanking. To regain it would endear the victor to the religious heart of China, and be an all-pow-

only five hundred strong. This inauguration of his Chinese career was made one July morning in 1860. It was a fiasco. Discovered by the enemy, his attempts at escalade were disastrous; and, being unsupported by the reserve of Chinese troops promised him, he was obliged to fall back on Shanghai.

Two weeks later he had reorganized his little corps, and, marching with a supporting contingent of native troops, he renewed his assault. Again he made his onset just at dawn, having seen his Chinese allies properly posted, but his method of attack was changed. A battering-ram of oak timber was used to force the main gate; and Ward's men, dashing up the inner stairways, bayoneted the force in the guard-house, and seized two heavy brass howitzers, which they at once turned on the defenders of the city, as the latter, taken by surprise, began to form. The execution done by these guns at short range, followed up by the bayonet charges of Ward's men, drove the Tai-pings before them; and the rout became complete when it became known that the Chinese support had just forced another gate. The Tai-pings threw down their arms, and scattered far and wide in search of hiding-places. The American had taken the first trick in the great game he was playing.

General Ward withdrew his command to Shanghai, leaving Sung-Kiang garrisoned by Imperial troops, and at once made preparations for a second venture.

The expedition failed signally. The Tai-



WARD TRAINING HIS MEN.

erful passport to Imperial favor. But he had this to do in the teeth of a garrison of five thousand Tai-pings, with a little army of men in motley, ill-disciplined, and

pings got wind of the movement, and threw a superior force into Sing-poo, under the command of an English officer named Savage. Ward had no breaching artillery, and, after several furious escalades, which were repulsed, he was obliged to retire. The shallowness of the river did not permit the flotilla to take effective position, and the whole force fell back on Shanghai. Ward, in a letter to a New York friend, speaks of having been "badly wounded while attempting to scale the walls of Sing-poo city."

General Ward, in spite of his wounds, made another attempt, about ten days later, on Sing-poo, supported by a large Chinese contingent. While preparing for assault, Chung Wang, bravest and most energetic of the Tai-ping leaders, struck him in the rear with a force of 20,000 men, having made a night march from Su-chau, some forty miles away. The Chinese camp was taken, the Imperialist troops utterly routed, and their guns and supplies captured. But Ward, though outnumbered more than twenty to one, cut his way through his swarming foes, and succeeded in fighting his way back to Shanghai with a loss of less than a hundred men, though himself freshly wounded. Hearing that the Tai-ping general would make an attempt on Sung Kiang, he proceeded to re-enforce that city, himself being carried thither on a litter. Taking command of the garrison, he strengthened the defences at every possible point; and Chung Wang, who hoped to find an easy prey, was met with a resistance so formidable that he was compelled to retreat. Enraged at this defeat, the rebel general burned and slaughtered to the very suburbs of Shanghai, and only fell back before the French and English garrison, which marched out in line of battle.

Invalided by half a dozen half-healed wounds, one of them quite serious, he left China in the fall of 1860, and went to Paris for surgical treatment, visiting America before his return. We find him back at Shanghai at the beginning of the next summer, warmly welcomed by the authorities. The situation had become more threatening than ever. The Tai-pings, emboldened by the inactivity of their enemy, often flaunted their flags within eyesight of Shanghai. They knew also that the English minister, Bruce, and the English consul at Shanghai, Medhurst, were warmly urging on Lord

John Russell immediate recognition of the Heavenly King, or Tien Wang, as the substantially dominant power in the empire. It was, indeed, time for Ward to throw his gauntlet again into the arena, for the outlook was desperate. The Tai-pings had entered into convention with the French and English authorities not to engage in hostilities within thirty miles of Shanghai, a treaty which they broke every week without scruple, to the meek acceptance of the other contracting parties. The English specially insisted that nothing should be done to discomfit the Tai-pings unless they actually threatened to attack Shanghai.

When Ward requested permission of the Imperial authorities to recruit and drill a Chinese force, it was gladly granted. He had become sure that his true policy was to enlist natives. Observation had satisfied him that there was splendid fighting stuff in the Chinaman properly drilled and armed, and with that confidence in himself naturally inspired by brave and skilful officers he promptly began his task, in which the knowledge he had acquired of the language was an essential help. His old officers flocked back to him, and he found no difficulty in enlisting recruits. When it was bruited abroad that General Ward was levying a Chinese force with Imperial sanction, it created a great stir in Shanghai, especially as many of the best of the English non-commissioned officers deserted to join him. Sir Frederick Bruce, Sir Harry Parkes, revenue commissioner, and Consul-General Medhurst, with the assent of the French officials, declared him an outlaw, and almost put a price on his head, on the ground that he had grossly violated the neutrality laws. Ward was obliged to break his camp, divide his men into small parties, and take to the open country, fighting guerrilla fashion. He declared his allegiance to the Emperor, and his officers did the same. Once he was arrested when he ventured into Shanghai, but completely turned the tables on his English persecutors by proving that he was legally a Chinese subject.

With the consent of the English authorities Chung Wang had been received by the people of Ning-po, the leading commercial center of Che-Kiang, in December, 1861, with the understanding that no out-



TURNING THE GUNS ON THE DEFENDERS OF NANKING.

rages or plundering should be tolerated. This clearly was another step toward recognition. The haughty Tai-ping at once ignored his agreement. The rebel soldiery had their wild way, as if they had carried the city by storm. Rape, robbery, murder, and every form of savage brutality, made Ning-po a living hell. Intoxicated with success, the Tai-pings advanced forty miles north into the prefecture of Kiang-su and stormed Hang-chau, where the same horrible drama was enacted and every savage passion let loose. The authorities and merchants of the foreign settlements, blinded as they had been by the selfishness of trade, were compelled to open their eyes to the atrocities committed by the Tai-pings. Admiral Sir James Hope, in his despatches to the Admiralty, speaks in the most bitter terms of the hopelessness of expecting anything from such barbarians. Even Bruce, Medhurst, and Parkes changed the keynote of the siren song which they had been piping into the ears of the Foreign Office at home. The *Chan mao*, as the Tai-pings were called by the Chinese, threw out large detachments from Hang-chau, threatening to seize Shanghai and Sung-Kiang. The foreign settlement at the former city, in a frenzy of excitement, turned out all its able-bodied men as a volunteer battalion, and the women and children were collected in the *hongs*, or villa enclosures, ready to be transferred to shipboard. General Ward, who

had about two thousand five hundred men in Sung-Kiang, grimly remained aloof from assistance; though burning to attack, he meant to force the English hand; as for Sung-Kiang, he laughed at the thought of rebel attack. Sallying forth with his two regiments, he struck the rebels, who were ten thousand strong, curled them up like a dead leaf, and drove them ten miles into the interior, capturing the city of Quanfuling, which the Tai-pings had fortified, and several hundred transports filled with supplies. In this movement he looked to the protection of Sung-Kiang, not of Shanghai.

At the request of Sir James Hope and Consul Medhurst, the Tautai of Shanghai ordered General Ward to co-operate with the English and French in an assault on the rebels, who had taken an entrenched position a few miles from Shanghai. At last Ward's time had come; the foreign authorities who six months before had branded "outlaw" on his forehead, had gone down on their marrow bones.

The Tai-pings had fortified the town of Kaschiaou, just opposite Shanghai, near the Woosung lower anchorage, and the main source of supplies for the city. Ward, moving up from Sung-Kiang with one thousand picked men, joined the Anglo-French contingent, consisting of three hundred and thirty-six English blue-jackets and marines, one hundred and sixty French man-o'-war's men, and a battery of light howitzers. Ward

and his Chinese carried the enemy's stockades in fine style, capturing some two thousand prisoners, while his allies supported him as a reserve. The English officers present spoke most warmly of the gallantry and steadiness of Ward's troops. With these reverses at the hands of General Ward, the enemy fell back from Shanghai and Sung-Kiang.

Sir James Michel, the English Commander-in-Chief on the Chinese station, now arrived in Shanghai from Hong-Kong, with parts of two Sepoy regiments. Admiral Hope spoke to him in the warmest terms of the American's splendid service, and the two officers proceeded to Sung-Kiang to inspect General Ward's forces. In a report made by Sir James Michel to Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister at Peking, after denouncing the Tai-pings and pointing out the terrible disaster their success would inflict on English interests, he strongly advises that the task of suppressing the rebellion should be put in Ward's hands; that the latter should be empowered to raise his corps from eight thousand to ten thousand men; and that a portion of the English revenues in China should be set apart for them, conjointly with the funds furnished by the Imperial government. After warmly praising the military appearance of General Ward's force, he expresses the opinion that "one thousand men of this description, and thus drilled, are quite competent to deal with many thousand rebels, and that an augmentation would enable General Ward to clear the country." He goes on to say: "General Ward should be invested with large powers. I am of the opinion that with even three thousand or four thousand men properly drilled,—which three months would effect,—all the country for a considerable distance from his headquarters would be cleared. I consider that soon a prestige would attach to his army, which would do as much as the fighting of his troops; and by extending the system the silk and tea districts would be recovered, and eventually the rebel headquarters be gained." Admiral Hope sent a similar despatch, and Sir Frederick Bruce, in his home reports, now begins to refer to Ward as the *deus ex machina* who would solve a very difficult problem for the foreign powers and save China from universal anarchy and brigandage.

General Ward about this time received, through the Tautai of the province, the imperial rescript acknowledging his great services, naming him Admiral-general, and making him a mandarin of the highest button. With this came the authority to recruit his force to six thousand men, and its baptism by imperial order with the sonorous and certainly well-deserved title of "The Ever-Victorious Army (*Chun Chen Chün*). What a contrast this to the opprobrium and ban of outlawry which a few months before had been cast on him!

While gathering fresh recruits, many of whom were captured Tai-pings, our hero did not abstain from active operations in the field. With one thousand men of his own corps, and about six hundred Royal Marines and artillerymen, he attacked and captured Tseedong, a walled city of considerable strength, about thirty miles from Shanghai, and cleared the immediate country of the Tai-pings. He had a flying column continually in the field, sometimes several of them, and attacked with incessant vigor. Out of his Tai-ping recruits, whom he attached to himself by the strongest ties of self-interest, he made an efficient "secret service" department; and thus he was kept informed of every movement of the enemy. The burden of the conflict and the organization of the campaign were willingly left him by his allies. General Staveley, who had succeeded Sir James Michel in command of the English forces, showed great respect for General Ward's opinion, and accepted a proposition to co-operate with him in an assault on the town of Wong-Kadza, almost immediately on his arrival. Parts of two Sepoy regiments, a naval detachment, two sections of howitzer batteries, and Ward, with six hundred men, marched on the rebel stronghold, about thirty miles from Sung-Kiang, the American in advance, accompanied by Admiral Hope. Without waiting for Staveley, a charge was made on reaching the stockade; and, after a quarter of an hour's hand-to-hand fighting, the enemy fled. Ward's men rushed on in hot pursuit, and in his report it is stated that more Tai-pings were slain in the running fight than his own men numbered.

General Staveley was somewhat chagrined, on coming up, to find that the impatient American had done the work and reaped

the glory. Admiral Hope was wounded in this engagement,—strange to say, too, while scolding Ward for exposing himself so recklessly. Burgevine, Ward's second in command, too, received a wound which invalidated him for months. The combined forces now pressed forward sixteen miles further, and attacked the Tai-ping stronghold of Tai-poo, held by a greatly superior body of rebels. While General Staveley engaged their attention in front with an artillery attack, Ward, slipping to the rear, carried the walls by escalade.

"The Ever-Victorious Army" now numbered nearly six thousand men. It was fairly-well armed with Enfield rifles; it was well drilled in regimental and field tactics; it had splendid officers, full of dash and courage; it was emboldened with success, with pluck and self-confidence. What might not be expected from such a force? To what might not such a nucleus grow? We may be sure that thoughts like these thrilled the ambitious American, and with righteous reason: for was he not already Admiral-General, the highest rank ever yet attained by a "foreign devil"?

A council of war, held in April, 1862, between Admiral Sir James Hope, General Staveley, the French Admiral, Protet, General Ward, and Lieh, the viceroy of the prefecture, resulted in a plan of campaign. This was to capture the cities of Kahding, Sing-poo, Najaor, Tsaolin, and the lesser places held by the Tai-pings within a distance of forty miles from Shanghai. After capture, General Ward was to hold Sing-poo as his headquarters, as well as retain a garrison at Sung-Kiang, while the other places were to be defended by the regular Chinese troops, supported by small English and French detachments. This ring of bayonets, if it could be made good, would shut the Tai-pings within their old lines until Ward's army could be augmented for a direct attack on Fuchau, and finally Nanking, the rebel capital. In the mean time, confinement within the lines, where they had made a desert, would practically mean starvation, as they lived on plunder. Cut off from the seaboard and trade, too, they could obtain no ammunition and supplies; and the life of the rebellion would wither.

Operations began by the attack on Kahding, the army operations being supported

by a flotilla of small gunboats. This part of China is everywhere intersected by canals, which, opening from the rivers, make a lace-work of water communication. The land forces consisted of a picked detachment of Ward's corps, one thousand strong, and about three thousand French and English troops. Captain Charles George Gordon took part in this campaign as the engineer-officer. It is impossible to linger over the details of the series of operations which ended in the capture of Kahding, Sing-poo, Najaor, and Tsaolin. In each instance the assault on the walls was made by General Ward and the "Ever-Victorious Army," and the city carried by the bayonet, the allies doing their part in serving the artillery and attacking through the breach. Ward claimed the post of honor, and it was expressly understood that he and his gallant Chinamen should always constitute the storming party. In the affair of Tsaolin, Admiral Protet, a gallant, white-haired old Frenchman, was killed.

While the above-named movements were progressing, the *futai*, Lieh (who was about to make way for a new viceroy, the now famous Li-Hung-Chang) to retrieve his credit with the Emperor, besieged Taitshan, a fortified city near Su-chau, the headquarters of Chung Wang, with a large force of regular troops. He had stirred up the tiger in his lair. The Tai-ping leader sallied out, defeated Lieh with terrible slaughter, and at once blockaded Sing-poo (where Colonel Forrester, one of Ward's officers, had been put in command) and Sung-Kiang, thus threatening General Staveley's communications and compelling him to retreat.

The Tai-pings had now turned the tables on their enemies, and General Ward was compelled to make a detour to reinforce Sung-Kiang, which, however, he held with a sure grip. Colonel Forrester was less fortunate. He was forced to evacuate Sing-poo, and, in attempting to withdraw his men, was himself captured by the Chung Wang, though the larger portion of his force cut its way through to Sung-Kiang. Li-Hung-Chang, who had now assumed the reins in the prefecture, at once showed that energy and astuteness which have since dignified his name as the greatest of Chinese statesmen. He ordered a large force of Imperialist troops to threaten Nanking from the north

and west. The ignoble fears of the Tien Wang dictated an order to the able soldier, who was facing Staveley and Ward, to return to the relief of the capital.

General Ward's spies apprised him of this retreat of Chung Wang, and with characteristic energy he led a strong detachment without delay to a fresh attack on Sing-poo, which fell with scarcely a blow. Leaving garrisons barely large enough to hold the cities of Sung-Kiang and Sing-poo, he hastened south by forced marches till he found himself before the walls of Ning-po. Twice his storming parties were repulsed, but the third assault was victorious, and the Tai-pings threw down their arms. Ning-po was again an Imperial city.

In the mean time General Ward's star, which had shone so brightly with only a few clouds to darken its face, promised to mount still higher toward the zenith. The English foreign office, to whose attention Ward's extraordinary merits as soldier and organizer had been called, urgently recommended the Chinese Imperial authorities to invest General Ward with the largest powers; to authorize augmenting the "Ever-Victorious Army" to ten thousand men, or, if necessary, more; and practically to give its chief the rank of generalissimo. There is every reason to believe that this would soon have been decreed, had not that stealthy fate which tracks us all laid its cold fingers between the brilliant American and his supreme reward.

After the recapture of Ning-po, and making thorough clearance of the vicinity from Tai-ping troops, he returned to Sung-Kiang. But he did not rest long. About the middle of September, 1862, detachments of Tai-pings entered the prefecture again, even threatening Ning-po. General Ward, with a regiment of his men, attacked Tz-ki, a small town fortified by the rebels, ten miles from Ning-po. While reconnoitering he was struck in the chest by a rebel bullet, which passed through his lungs. He was at once taken on board the British gunboat which lay near at hand, commanded by a dear friend, Captain Roderick Dew, R.N. Here, General

Frederick Ward died the next day, September 21, 1862.

The obsequies of the dead soldier were held with extraordinary solemnity at the temple of Confucius in the city of Sung-Kiang, the most sacred of Chinese shrines. All who were distinguished in arms or state, in commerce and business, both Chinese and foreign, paid their respects to the memory of the man who had turned the tide of salvation for the empire.

An Imperial rescript, which was at once issued from Peking, ordered lofty honors for his memory.

That the Yankee sailor-boy, Frederick Ward, stepped into the breach of Chinese affairs at a critical moment, and dammed the invasion of ruin; that he organized out of raw native material a splendid body of soldiery, and taught Chinamen to know their own strength; that without his timely intervention England and France would probably have recognized the Tai-pings; and that, without his career and work as the solid foundation, Colonel Gordon could not have consummated his mission,—are facts that no impartial observer can controvert. It is not for us to follow the record of the Ever-Victorious Army after General Ward's death.

The Chinese government fully recognized his genius, courage, and organizing power. A few months more would have doubtless seen him General-in-Chief of China, certainly of the provinces of Kiang-Su and Che-Kiang, and by England's advice. His brother had been sent by China to the United States to buy gunboats and artillery to further his operations. The Imperial boards and the mandarins had every confidence in him. His name after death was placed in the pantheon of gods. Temples were erected in his honor at Sung-Kiang, Sing-poo, and Ning-po. By Imperial decree rites in his honor are maintained; and his protection and assistance, as of a providential deity, are invoked in military enterprises. Yet this is the man whom more recent English writers have dared to stigmatize as "an obscure Yankee adventurer."



A BOURGEOIS WEDDING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WE had no intention of remaining more than a few hours in that French town, in the department of the Loir-et-Cher, when, in the midst of a driving storm, we found ourselves unexpected guests at the quaintest, most conventionally antique of little inns. There was a court-yard of fine dimensions, stone flagged, and surrounded on three sides by the walls of the hotel, doors opening here and there into the various rooms or apartments. One of these just facing the high arched entrance led into a garden, whose luxuriant bloom we could see, and, driven as it was by the pelting storm, looked in the month of February, and after a long experience of London fogs, decidedly inviting; so also seemed to us the smiling host and hostess, whose figures appeared in the doorway of the "bureau" or office of their inn the very moment our carriage drove up, and they welcomed us with the air of old friends. Madame, with a most luxuriant sort of smile—indeed I think it was the most generous expression of good will I ever beheld on a human countenance—at once came forward, declaring that she knew just how tired we were, how ready for our rooms—our supper, perhaps; and meanwhile Monsieur, with a slow porter at his heels, had been carrying in the luggage, and Madame, going to one of the many doors, called out in an unexpected nasal:

"Marie! Marie! Where art thou? Descend at once. These ladies and these gentlemen—" the inevitable *Ces dames et ces messieurs*—"are entirely exhausted."

We had only come from a station a few miles distant, and had stopped for the purpose of picking up our mail; but Madame evidently detected exhaustion in our appearance, and gazed at us compassionately while we waited for the descent of Marie. A tread like a man's, but slow and ponderous and deliberate, came along the corridor beyond the door. It was twilight, and the dimness of the hall was suddenly illuminated by a candle held high above the head of a strong peasant girl with a face and figure which made us realize at once we were in the country of Jean

François Millet. The girl wore, in addition to her skirt and bodice of strong dark-toned serge, a white neckerchief and a high cap with a spotless frill. As she approached us the strength of her figure seemed subdued by the richness of her coloring. Her complexion was dark, but as clear as any Andalusian belle's. Her eyes, whose color and sparkle we seemed conscious of in the radiance of the candle, were luminously blue, and as much of her hair as showed beneath the cap was of the prettiest brown hue imaginable. Marie, handsome girl that she was, had something rather bovine in the placidity of her expression and the deliberation of her movements. She never hurried over anything; was the soul of good nature, talkative, affable, rather serious and yet inclined to enjoy life; but what she would do when the hotel was crowded we often wondered during the week which we spent within its hospitable walls. If Marie was trying to save herself from nervous prostration her manner was easily understood; but the girl with her strong young limbs, her shoulders capable of carrying two of Madame's children perched on either of them, had never known a day's real illness, and was not likely to waste any of her redundant vitality in little aches and pains.

"So," she exclaimed, "Madame is right, no doubt. To which rooms shall these ladies and these gentlemen be conducted?"

For answer Madame entered her office, which was a comfortable looking retreat with its shining tables and chairs and chests of drawers of polished oak—its chiffonier and rows of highly polished keys. "Number one," she said, in an oracular manner, and handed Marie three keys with which the girl led the way upstairs. The staircase was at the rear of the long corridor which we were in, and it led into a gallery of fine proportions from which the rooms, which were opened in the real season of the town, led right and left, while what seemed to be a fine salon ran the width of the house. But our conductress, walking like a careful Juno, turned down a short corridor to the left, flinging open the door of a funny little suite

of rooms. Sitting-room, dining-room, dressing-rooms, and bedrooms, opened one into the other, all furnished like rooms upon the stage with an air of rococo elegance about them.

"See then," Marie announced, turning to us like a guide in a fairy tale; "you have been given the rooms occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany when he was here. He was curious in certain ways, and demanded a bath-tub in his room, and large basins and pitchers, so that all these things are at your service."

And with great pride Marie opened the door of the dressing-room of the largest chamber, showing us the English-looking toilet apparatus which had been purchased to satisfy the demands of royalty. When we inspected the miniature sort of arrangements in the other bedrooms we felt grateful to the heir to the German throne for his fastidious tastes.

I have always regarded it as a happy accident that we stopped in that little town during what is called its dull season, for we thereby had an opportunity of observing French life among the bourgeoisie—I use the French term since no English one exactly applies—which we never could have had during the period which may be considered a gay one for the department of the Loir-et-Cher. The external activity in the hotel, so far as its guests were concerned, consisted only of the hunting-parties made up among some officers who daily breakfasted and dined in the café or *salle-a-manger* of the hotel; brisk, red-coated and spurred gentlemen were these, who waked the little place into something like hilarity, talking as Frenchmen will, with a careless sort of excitement and eloquence about nothing at all, but who affected the routine of the place not at all. But it was our good fortune to penetrate into the scenes of real life, into the animation which then occupied our hostess' family, with a flutter and at the same time an exhibition of the practical side of life and its material advantages which I suppose must always belong to marrying and giving in marriage among the French people.

The morning after our arrival it rained almost as heavily as the night before, and I was standing in the corridor near our rooms wondering what we could do for the rest of the day, when the sound of a piano from a

room near by reached my ears. Somebody was playing one of Czerny's *études*. Slowly, laboriously, and with various halts, during which a feminine voice would say in a monotonous kind of tone, "go on, one, two, three, four," or "begin again," or "very good, that is better," but anything more uninteresting than the instructress' voice can scarcely be imagined. This was presently explained. The door of the room suddenly opened wide—it had been ajar—and Madame's portly person and smiling face was framed within the dark paneling.

"Good morning," she exclaimed brightly, "but is not this a cruel disappointment after ordering your carriage! Perhaps, Madame, you will come in." She turned to lead the way into her pretty parlor, adding, "It is nothing—my little girl takes her lesson in music—but that is of no consequence."

And I observed two figures at the piano. The pupil, a thin little girl with stiff braids of black hair, seated before the instrument; the teacher, a charming looking young lady—a girl of perhaps eighteen, with brilliant dark eyes, profuse soft brown hair coiled high upon her head, features as regular as those in a miniature painting, and a smile which had all the bewitching gayety supposed to be a French characteristic. The sparkling eyes and smile welcomed me even before Mademoiselle Berthe had been presented to me. She rose—a pretty little figure resembling closely one of Watteau's shepherdesses, although our landlady's niece wore a simple frock of gray wool, with no attempt at ornament except in the little brooch which fastened her linen collar.

"You had better take Rosalie out for a little while," said Madame in an affable tone, and when the two had disappeared she offered me a seat saying with much seriousness:

"My niece was brought here to teach the children, but a wonderful piece of good fortune has been hers. Figure to yourself, Madame, that this is a girl who can not bring one sou to her husband, and what do you think, when I tell you that she is about to marry one of the richest men in the Department!"

I can see now the figure of my hostess seated in the lively looking little salon, her face almost tragic as she uttered these important words, her hands outstretched with a gesture which seemed to include the

boundless advantages of her niece's good fortune.

I well knew that what is called a *dot* for the bride is considered absolutely indispensable in most of French marriages. This is arranged in proportion to the parents' means, and the bride's fortune is, generally speaking, almost entirely at the disposal of her husband, a certain portion, it may be, being settled upon her children. Here I may as well mention the fact that French marriages, if arranged by the parents, are not always as entirely matters of convenience as they seem to outsiders. If the girl is of the upper classes she is generally introduced to certain gentlemen who know that her parents are willing to have them pay her their addresses. Should she positively dislike any one suggested to her she is always at liberty to say so and the suitor is dismissed. But should a very eligible man be brought forward with whom Mademoiselle can not really find fault, her personal feelings do not count for much. However, I believe a forced marriage is very rare. In the case of Madame's little niece the advantages seemed so many that I suppose her refusal to comply with the wishes of the family would have met with a storm of indignation from her relations which it would have taken an enormous amount of moral courage to defy. And this, as I came to know it, was little Berthe's position. Her father was dead; as Madame had tragically explained she had not a sou in the world. She had been fairly well educated, was quick-witted and bright, and her uncle by marriage, our genial host, had admitted her into his family in order to give her a home and let her earn it by teaching his children. Certain other facts which Madame related to me in the most practical manner were very interesting, especially when I came to know all the parties concerned.

"When she arrived six months ago," said Madame, "I saw at once that she was a girl whom we could marry to advantage. Naturally her being without a *dot* was against her, but, as you see for yourself, she is decidedly pretty—doubtless," said Madame, with an impartial manner, "it is only the beauty of youth, but what of that? My niece showed at once that she has head enough—brains enough for half a dozen. We looked about us, and several of our friends were also interested in securing a suitable *parti*. About

two months ago the mother of the Mayor called upon me and proposed her second son in marriage for my niece! I could scarcely believe it, they are enormously rich—the young man will have a handsome fortune! Berthe's whole future is secured."

"And is he an agreeable person?" I inquired.

"Agreeable!" echoed Madame. "I hardly understand. He has never been considered what you would call particularly bright—I do not mean that he is an *idiot* by any means, but only that he needs a wife, as his mother says, who has head enough for two! And this is worth more to them than any *dot* Berthe could bring."

I was silent for a moment, appalled by the entirely practical point of view taken. The poor little Watteau shepherdess with her sweet round face, her innocent, dark eyes, merry lips and pretty manners! To be tied for life to a man whom his own mother considered "not over bright;" but, so far as I could gather from Madame's narrative, the bride-elect considered herself very fortunate.

"Berthe has a talent for business," continued Madame; "Antoine will have a share in his uncle's large factory, but I do not doubt it will be Berthe who will manage everything. My husband often says she is a loss to the bureau of the hotel, but, of course, we could not place her there."

I waited a moment, not knowing what to say in opposition to Madame's point of view. At last I remarked in rather a feeble tone:

"And do they like each other?"

Again Madame looked perplexed.

"They have only met three times," she answered. "To-morrow night we give a little party in honor of the settlements being all arranged. It is surprising," she continued, "that Berthe should be so fortunate; for the Mayor's family—well, now that my niece will be one of them, I will say that they are decidedly above her station in life."

"And when will the wedding take place?" I inquired.

"On next Wednesday," rejoined Madame; "it is to be hoped you and your charming family will be here—and perhaps it would interest you to be present."

I hastened to assure her that nothing could please us more; and later in the day, while we were discussing the matter in our

own rooms, Marie appeared, this time with decided animation in her manner and expression. She was the bearer of an invitation from Madame to the party to be given the next evening—the family party of which she had spoken to me, when Mademoiselle's marriage settlements were to be finally arranged.

We had only one or two fleeting glimpses of the little bride that day or the next. On one occasion we saw her standing with a group of interested people about her in the middle of the vast ball-room at the hotel, which was already being decorated for the great occasion. In spite of her childlike face and slim girlishness of figure, she certainly looked a person capable of taking care of herself, if not of the husband who had been selected for her, and I could readily imagine the satisfaction with which she watched the elaborate arrangements being made for her wedding, since they all suggested the wonderful advantages which were to follow her becoming Madame K—.

We drove out the next day. The country delighted us; the quality which Millet gives to all his pictures of peasant life seemed to be in everything about us. The tones of the quiet, undulating country were all rich and somber; the diversions very few but impressive. Here and there a group of men and women working in a field looked as though they might be posing for an artist at the moment; their figures clearly defined against a sky divinely radiant showed us stalwart proportions; the short jackets, and full skirts, and huge sabots of the women marking their outlines boldly, and, as it were, massing them peculiarly with other objects. A group of women and girls bending over their work produced only a general effect of form and color against a background of short pollards, the high lights being their white caps and the densely blue sky above them; but if the character of the country was rich and mournful in tone, the town itself was, of all places I have ever been in, most striking in light and shade. A bridge of yellow stone spanning the narrow river seemed at midday to concentrate all the sunshine in the world; and there the figures of men and women and boys passing to and fro, or leaning over the stone parapet gazing down into the shallow waters, presented a combination of color which was

almost startling. The blue cloaks, yellow or red neckerchiefs, the bristling white caps and shining ornaments of gold, all made spots of their own in the sunlight which, if it bathed certain objects in intense light, cast others into blackest shadow; and we could not help saying that few critics would be willing to accept as real the scene actually before our eyes, and encompassed with a landscape of somber browns and greens; the suggestive and melancholy country which furnished the materials for "The Angelus" or "The Sowers;" the repressed intensity, the mournful preoccupation which every thoughtful critic must see in the figures of Millet's peasants, belonged to those toiling figures beyond the town. Their silence and persistent labor seemed natural in such a country, like the high key, in which everything in the town itself was set, harmonious. So, perhaps, the premeditated vivacity and good humor surrounding little Berthe and her prospects seemed natural enough. When we came back to our hotel there were certain signs in the air of the evening festivity. Madame was not to be seen in her accustomed place at the bureau, and upstairs two or three servants were hastening back and forth, evidently on errands of festive importance, while, as we understood, Berthe was enjoying an interview with her bridegroom's father.

About eight o'clock we presented ourselves at Madame's salon. The buzz of voices ceased for a moment, while our hostess detached herself from a lively group and came forward, receiving us with extreme courtesy and good humor. She was richly attired in red silk, with a great deal of gold filigree jewelry, and I observed that the rest of the company were very fine in attire, bright colors and showy ornaments predominating, the bride-elect only being simply dressed and wearing natural flowers.

The girl was seated somewhat apart, and I fancied that an unusual dejection was in her face and manner. In the candle-light and wearing a gown of soft white muslin which showed the fair proportion of her neck and arms, she looked almost beautiful, and in spite of the fact that her type was one to which dimples and laughter belonged, the gentle seriousness of her face was very becoming. She held in her hand a huge bouquet of white flowers, the gift of

her bridegroom, as we were speedily informed, and when she rose to greet us the pink color that came and went in her cheeks betrayed her agitation. She said very little—it was evident her mind was full of other things, and it seems to me that I never felt more interested in seeing any stranger than the bridegroom.

Presently there is a lull in the conversation—our host has disappeared—the door is thrown open, and he returns with a brilliant-looking party of people. Three or four ladies gaily dressed—two gentlemen, one of whom we know instantly must be the remarkably eligible husband poor Berthe has secured! We know it, alas! from his dull, good-humored countenance! A tall, fair-haired, young man with a face almost as foolish as hers is intelligent. Madame has assured us that he is not *idiot*, but one could almost credit that his stupidity bordered upon something very near the imbecile, though I note with satisfaction that his heavy face brightens as he catches sight of his little bride who, with her aunt, is coming forward to greet him. We learned that he was absolutely good-natured—as Marie informed us, “not a wicked beast,” and that he was honestly fond of his bride, and, I believe, grateful to her for accepting him. The two who were about to pledge themselves with such sacred vows held a little conversation in which the bridegroom’s deep-toned voice was far more audible than the bride’s, although his words were commonplace enough, but her vivacity had returned. Whatever had been the cause of her dejection it must have been very trivial, for her pleasure, and satisfaction, and pride were now clearly evident, and she had not even an appearance of shyness, but bustled about, entertaining the company, giving directions here and there such as she had been used to for her aunt, and keeping a vigilant eye upon her future husband who, from the place he speedily assumed in one corner of the room, seemed content to watch her graceful motions and pretty face with silent admiration.

The formalities of the evening consisted in the signing of various papers, for if Berthe had no dot she had a right to expect certain settlements, and when the notary seated himself at a table on which were two tall candles, some quill pens, and large sheets of foolscap paper, and a group of people gathered about him, we could not help thinking that it look-

ed precisely like a scene out of one of Molière’s comedies, although it was real enough as, no doubt, for all her vivacity, little Berthe may have felt. These formalities over, the company gave themselves up to good-humored enjoyment of the occasion, the bridegroom evidently being expected to take little or no part beyond making himself agreeable, or, I had better say, talking a little to his bride, who I could see was giving him advice already on certain points.

“Hold then, Antoine!” I heard her say with some anxiety. “You had better leave all of that to your good uncle to arrange.”

She regarded him with an air of almost maternal anxiety. “Very soon, poor boy,” she added, while he gazed at her fondly, “I will be able to take all this care from thy shoulders, and thou canst be well amused at the hunting parties next week.”

From which I gathered that Berthe had decided not only to assume some of her husband’s business responsibilities, but also to see that her heavy, good-natured spouse should be kept amused.

We withdrew before the company dispersed, and, as you may imagine, the peculiarities of the occasion gave us a theme for much talk and speculation during the next day or two, B— refusing to believe that a romance which might be a tragedy was not lurking behind this arrangement which appeared to be so satisfactory on all sides. But if such were the case I can only say that it never came to our knowledge. We saw Berthe the next day, Madame having kindly invited us to an inspection of the trousseau which was displayed in the bride’s pretty little bedroom, and consisted of a really beautiful wardrobe, with which were many useful articles. Madame informed us that we could go, if we liked, to see her future residence the day after the wedding when the bridal-party would be absent on their short wedding-tour.

“So,” said B—, “we will see the whole thing and know just how fine a future Berthe has secured, but, heavens and earth! could anything be more unlike the same sort of thing in America?”

Perhaps it was just this which gave the affair its peculiar fascination. The preparation for the actual wedding ceremony began early on the Wednesday morning. We inspected the long tables spread for the first banquet—a sort of breakfast I suppose it

ought, by courtesy, to be called, although it was to consist of viands more suitable for a dinner, but everything was prepared in the most elegant style. The breakfast covered three long tables seating about two hundred guests and the *ménu* was admirable. Besides the various hot dishes, *pâtes*, and *entrees* of all sorts, there were to be salads in abundance, and delicious fruits, and the cheese cakes for which that part of the country is celebrated, while at least five kinds of wine were furnished. The floral decorations, if a trifle florid and over profuse, were certainly very decorative, and indeed the whole aspect of the affair was sparkling and brilliant. The bride was secluded in her room, but Madame came to us asking if we would not like to see her for a moment before starting for church. We found her, in all her wedding finery, radiantly pretty, vivacious, and quite exhilarated it, was evident, by the fact that her good fortunes were at last to be secured. Her dress was of white silk, the veil was tulle, and the ornaments a showy-looking set of pearls donated by the Mayor, while all the smaller paraphernalia—fan, bouquet, gloves, etc., had been the gifts of the groom, together with a pendant of diamonds. A group of anxious, but very well satisfied, relations surrounded the pretty little creature, who had never, I suppose, been of half so much consequence in all her life, and who felt like a *prima donna* about to make a triumphant entrance upon the stage. Presently the party set off, four large carriages containing Madame's family, three pink and blue bridesmaids, and a tall young man whose very handsome face wore so melancholy an expression that B— fixed upon him at once as the real hero of the romance.

"Depend upon it," said B—"that this is a discarded lover. I hear he is a poor cousin of the bride, and there is no doubt about it he is broken-hearted—at least as broken-hearted as a Frenchman can be."

Whether this was the cause or not, the handsome face of the young man quite fascinated us. Had he been dressed in peasant costume he would have suited admirably for one of Millet's figures, for he was of the strong dark type prominent in that artist's pictures, and he had an air of mournful intensity about him which was very striking. The groom, of course, was well dressed and looked happy, but alas! unutterably stupid. How-

ever, his responses to the wedding-service made no demand upon the intellect, and were pronounced in a cheerful tone which certainly signified his ready assent, and Berthe was no less spontaneous in her important answers. It was, judging by externals, a very pretty affair. Two young girls, charmingly dressed in white, with that indescribable air which makes a plain French woman attractive, went about with silk bags making a collection for the Orphan Asylum, which we understood was a local custom at all weddings, after which came the signatures in the registry, and the wedding-party returned to meet a troop of friends at breakfast. This banquet ended, the bridal-party started forth walking about the town, to the great delight apparently of everyone, and at three o'clock a large company took carriages and drove out to inspect the bride and groom's new abode. Their house was a fine old-fashioned stone mansion set in a garden in one of the suburbs of the town, and while the rooms had been newly papered and gilded, much of the old wainscoting remained, and the hall and staircase were models of the architecture of the last century. From the dining-room a glass-covered alleyway led into the factory, which Berthe, we judged, would virtually manage with those rare qualities of brain which in this instance sufficed for a dot. Upstairs the bride's rooms, consisting of a bed-chamber, dressing-room, and little salon, were as pretty as can be imagined, daintily draped in blue and pink cretons, with a general suggestion of looking-glasses, gilding, and stands of flowers. Everyone expressed great satisfaction with all the arrangements, and at six o'clock the party returned to the hotel for the supper. Meanwhile a band of musicians had arrived and stationed themselves at the top of the hotel ball-room, which, during the day before, we had enjoyed watching Marie assist Madame to decorate with greens. It was a long room with a polished floor and rows of comfortable seats arranged around the walls; mirrors hung upon all sides, and, when the company were assembled, reproduced the brilliant whirling figures as they danced endlessly like perpetual changes in a kaleidoscope. We ensconced ourselves in a little ante-room, directly off the ball-room, and there, before the guests came, we enjoyed looking out of the windows and down into



I OBSERVED TWO FIGURES AT THE PIANO. THE PUPIL, A THIN LITTLE GIRL WITH STIFF BRAIDS OF BLACK HAIR, SEATED BEFORE THE INSTRUMENT; THE TEACHER, A CHARMING-LOOKING YOUNG LADY,—A GIRL OF PERHAPS EIGHTEEN. (SEE PAGE 398.)

the court-yard, where, in the glare of lamps, waiters were running hither and thither still serving the supper-table. When the company arrived we observed that there were various rules of precedence. The elders of each party were at once provided with seats, while the young people stood about in laughing groups, among which, when the bride appeared, she moved unceremoniously, talking and laughing gayly, coming in now and then for a word with us or giving little abrupt orders to the people just about her, sending one waiter on one errand, another to look for some one she wanted, another to open a window, etc., etc., while we understood that Madame had been quite right. Berthe's executive ability was undoubted, and on this, the most romantic occasion of her life, she showed not an atom of sentiment over anything, but was as business-like as though she was making up one of her husband's books, and was not the very prettiest girl in the room. The dancing continued for at least two hours with great ardor, the old women and children sitting chattering and looking on, and the bride's one evidence of concern for her husband was when he was waltzing madly about this room with a pink bridesmaid, and we saw her expression change. She put her hand out upon the arm of the Mayor's wife who was seated near her.

"See to it, mamma," she said, in a voice which we had no doubt would often be heard in the charming abode we had visited, "Antoine must waltz no longer with Clarice;" and as the bridegroom presently made his way to the place where Berthe was waiting for him, we concluded that she had begun her reign very successfully.

Twelve o'clock saw the departure of the bridal-party amidst a shower of rice and slippers, and as we left the hotel the next day

we never expected to hear anything of the young couple again.

I think two years had passed and we were in Paris. I went to early mass at St. Sulpice one morning, and to my surprise observed near by the figure of Berthe's aunt, whom I remembered last at the wedding-party of her niece. She recognized me with her luxurious smile, and as soon as the service was ended and we were outside the church she inquired cordially for all our party, and in return I asked for the fortunate Berthe, whose wedding we had attended.

"But that girl was born to good luck!" exclaimed her aunt. "Figure to yourself, Madame, that her husband—he was not so stupid after all, poor creature, and he idolized her—left her within three months the richest widow in the Department, and only last month she united herself to the most charming young man. She adores him;—it is all joyousness! But some people, I believe, have all the luck in the world!"

Madame's cold philosophies in spite of her satisfaction sent me home sadly reflective. When B—— insisted upon hearing who the new husband was, I only remembered something Madame had murmured about a "cousin," whereupon B—— immediately declared that it must be the melancholy young Apollo whose dark eyes had been fixed upon the bride with mournful intensity on her first wedding-day. We laughed and talked and joked about the keen, pretty little Berthe with her genius for "luck," but I confess that my sympathies were with the one figure to me most pathetic of all. The young man who had "idolized her," who was, after all, "not so stupid," and who surely might now be remembered kindly, since he put the last touch to her good fortune before it was too late for Berthe to know full prosperity.

CONTENT.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

A SOLDIER thought—to wear a victor's crown;
A lover—to bask in his lady's smile;
A maiden—to adorn an ermined gown;
A holy man—a long life without guile;
But one more wise, whose days were well nigh spent,
Knew that the grave alone gave full content.

IN THE FIELD PAPERS.

FRENCH HORSES AND THE GRAND PRIX.

BY EDWARD KING.



Revue Illustrée.

AT THE GRAND PRIX.

“WHAT is the most delightful combination that you have ever experienced in your travels?” I once asked a distinguished “globe-trotter.” “The combination of Paris and May,” was his instant answer. And certainly that bewitching period of the late spring—the period between mid-May and mid-June—is in northern France rich with charms. Brilliant Paris, with its monuments and palaces, and its noble squares filled with trees and flowering shrubs, is full of the perfume of blossoms. People live out of doors from the end of April to the end of August; they take their meals in the open air, and if it were not against the law they would make their toilettes there. The Sunday promenade of the laboring classes is invariably to the parks and gardens, and to the race-courses in the parks. It takes but little to make the small tradesman happy on Sunday. A modest breakfast with his wife and children at a restaurant—as a change from the *pot au feu* at home; a ride on the railway to the Bois, a seat at the races, a bet of a few francs, with not much care whether he wins or loses, and then a slow walk home to dinner, with infinite talk about the day’s smallest incidents: these are his delights. Out of the necessity for amusing and interesting the promenading laborers and tradesmen and their families doubtless came the enormous development of horse-racing in all its forms in Paris.

The nobility took it up in imitation of the English aristocracy, and the populace adopted it because it catered to the French love for small investments, for excitement, and for an “outing.” At times it has grown into a formidable nuisance, and has been “regulated” and visited with many vexatious investigations by the police; but generally this pastime, in which horse appears to so much more advantage than man, has been kept within reasonable bounds.

With the culmination of the Paris season in June, the passion rises to its most dangerous height. At that time the capital is filled with adventurers from every clime under the sun, and each one wishes to make money without legitimate labor before going back into obscurity. A study of the faces of the majority of persons in the grand "return home" from the races on the Grand Prix Day will convince any reader of human nature that one half of the throng belongs to the adventurer class. The other half consists of the fashionable world, which goes to see the newest fashions in bonnets, robes, and parasols, and of the proletariat, which goes to see the swells. Neither of these latter classes cares very much about horse-racing, except as the pretext for an agreeable excursion. The "French Derby," as the English call the day on which the chief prize of Paris is run for, is for the great amateurs of equitation in France a trifling affair. Equitation is considered a science, and is, of course, especially affected by hundreds of gentlemen of rank and fortune, who fill up their leisure with duty in their regiments. The army has done much to interest the public in everything pertaining to the management and training of fine horses. Equitation has its professors, its literature, its scientific jargon. All the horse amateurs in the country are ranged in two camps—the followers of the method of the Comte d'Aure, *officier cavalcadour* of his now almost forgotten Majesty Charles the Tenth, and the apostles of Baucher, who taught the opposite of everything which the Comte d'Aure thought right. Both these worthies have long slept beneath the green sward which they so dearly loved to gallop over, but their names and principles are immortalized by their respective adherents. The Comte d'Aure, we are told, was once the chief of the celebrated riding school of Versailles, where so many fine cavalry officers were formed, and was possessed of great authority in Europe on his favorite topic long before his antagonist, Baucher, was heard of. He certainly was a wonderful horseman, and the manner in which he would mount a pure-blooded stallion which was the terror of a regiment, and in a few minutes would make the animal as docile as a kitten, seemed to have magic in it. He claimed that his method

was simplicity itself. "I can not better compare," he was wont to say, "the situation of a horse guided by a man than that of the blind man led by his dog: so long as the cord is taut, and as he follows his guide, the blind man walks with confidence; but the moment that the cord is slack, uncertainty begins." Another of his favorite maxims was as follows: "Real equestrianism consists in knowing how to command forces, and not in destroying or annulling them." By the latter process, the horse is possibly brought more quickly into shape, but one runs the risk of no longer finding these forces when it becomes necessary to bring them into play. Baucher's whole theory, which has been elaborately written out in a "Dictionary of Equestrianism," has been summed up by himself, as follows: "I have always believed in the intelligence of the horse, and on that belief I have based my method and all the principles set forth in my books. In mastering the will of the animal, I have managed to exact from him nothing which he has not fully comprehended." Baucher was the author of the famous maxim for equestrians, "*Main sans jambe, jambe sans main*." "By employing only one means of action at once," he said, "either that of the limbs to impel, or that of the hand to operate the changes of weight useful for such and such movements, the rider can appreciate at a moment's notice the degree of precision with which he acts. The limbs," he said, "must not serve to correct the faults of the hand, nor the hand to rectify the errors of the limbs." The Comte d'Aure, who was at one time *écuyer en chef* at the national cavalry school of Saumur, had an enthusiastic admiration for Baucher, personally, and frankly admitted his astonishment at the results which he obtained, but openly condemned what he called the heresies of Baucher's system. Some of his most brilliant officers, however, trained their horses, under his very nose, according to Baucher's system; and to this day Saumur is filled with legends of the soldierly profanity produced by this defiance of discipline. The skeleton of the horse Sicambre is preserved in the museum of the Saumur School, as a reminder of the skill of Commandant l'Hotte, an excellent cavalry officer, who trained Sicambre in Baucher's principles, was separated from him for sev-



GENERAL BOULANGER.

eral years, and, at the first meeting after the separation, made him go through all the old difficult exercises without a single balk.

The noblest of animals is held in high esteem at Saumur, and all who, in France, have contributed to his education since the Renaissance, have their names inscribed on marble tablets in the great and superbly kept stables. The De la Broues, and Phevinels, of the sixteenth century; the De Solleysels, the Du Plessis, the De la Vallées, the De Vendeuils, the Sauniers, of the seventeenth; the De la Guerinieres, De Nestrers, De Salvets, and De Lubersacs, of the eighteenth, all have their descendants, many of whom are as fond of sport as were their ancestors; and in this present age the D'Abzacs, the Ducs de Chabannes, the Rousselits, the D'Aures, have left a horse-loving company of relatives and disciples. Among the most remarka-

ble authorities on scientific horsemanship in France to-day are Baron Faverot, Colonel Chaveroudien of the Eighth Chasseurs, Captain Raabe, Lenoble du Teil, Victor Francini, Commandant Lunel, the Duke d'Aumale, Mr. Mackenzie-Grievess, Jules Pellier, the Vicomte de Tournon, Charles Cortes, the Marquis de Talleyrand Perigord, General Fleury, famous during the Second Empire, the venerable Marshal and Ex-President MacMahon, General de Galliffet, the Marquis d'Espinelles, M. de Sonis, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Duke de Camposelice, and Baron Finot.

Many of these gentlemen are patrons of the race-course; many are officers in the army, and content themselves with using their knowledge for patriotic purposes. The Duke d'Aumale has never had anything to do with the racing turf. But he is passionately fond of hunting, as the monumental stables of Chantilly amply testify; and in his exile in Belgium he divided his attention about equally between his pet horses and his magnificent library. In the time of the princes of Condé, the stables of Chantilly always contained two hundred horses; the duke, before he gave Chantilly to the nation, contented himself with but thirty. The duke has long been an active enemy of the theories of Baucher, and his political enemies reproached him with this, after his return from his English exile—as unpatriotic, because “it tended to hinder the speedy amelioration of the cavalry service.” Marshal MacMahon is looked upon by



ARRIVAL AT THE GRAND PRIX.

the amateurs as an unscientific horseman, yet he is perhaps to-day, even at his advanced age, the most daring rider in France. The amateurs are a little jealous of him for one reason: he has superb taste in the choice of his horses, and has the money with which to gratify that taste. During his long campaigns in Africa he preferred English mounts, and invariably left all his suite behind him on long marches. At Compiègne, in the days of the Second Empire, he used to charge with such vigor on the game that the empress once reproached him with fancying that he was leading a cavalry division into action. He sits his horse with great dignity: "faithful," says one of his biographers, "to the adage of Lamartine, 'the horse is the pedestal of kings,' he appears in public only upon the noblest of steeds, and pays willingly five hundred louis for a horse which pleases him." The horse which he rode on the occasion of the first visit of the Shah of Persia to Paris cost him ten thousand francs. Although seventy-eight

years of age, he rides for two hours daily, and he often meets in the perfumed alleys of the Bois that other veteran horseman, Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, galloping as if he were carrying the news of a victory. His splendid English horse, Forest King, was taken at Sedan by the Prussians; and the horse Alfa, which he rode on that day, and which was killed under him, had cost him twenty thousand francs. Shortly after the close of the disastrous battle of Sedan, a Hebrew dealer appeared at MacMahon's headquarters, and inquired if, in view of the surrender, Alfa might not be for sale.

"Alfa!—you ignoramus!" was the indignant answer. "Alfa is killed!"

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" said the Israelite, wringing his hands in unfeigned despair. "How could any one be so imprudent as to risk the life of a horse worth so much money as Alfa on a battlefield?"

Elegant and distinguished soldiers like Marshal MacMahon, General de Gallifet, the General Marquis d'Espinelles, and General Fleury, value equestrianism chiefly because it contributes to their elegance. "Study the horse: horsemanship is the easy road to a good *maintien*," was the often-repeated advice of M. d'Aure. I remember once hearing General de Gallifet's opinion of Gambetta: that he was, after all, a man of the world—talked well, especially to the ladies, etc.; but that he lacked *maintien*. Gambetta, in the days of his fiery youth, had not had time or inclination to attitudinize in the avenues of the Bois, mounted on a fine horse; and he would as soon have thought of practicing astrology as equitation.

General Fleury's friends boast that he can



Mme. Béjane.
Mme. Julie.

Mlle. Rose Ruch.
Mlle. L. Ruch.
Mme. Théo.

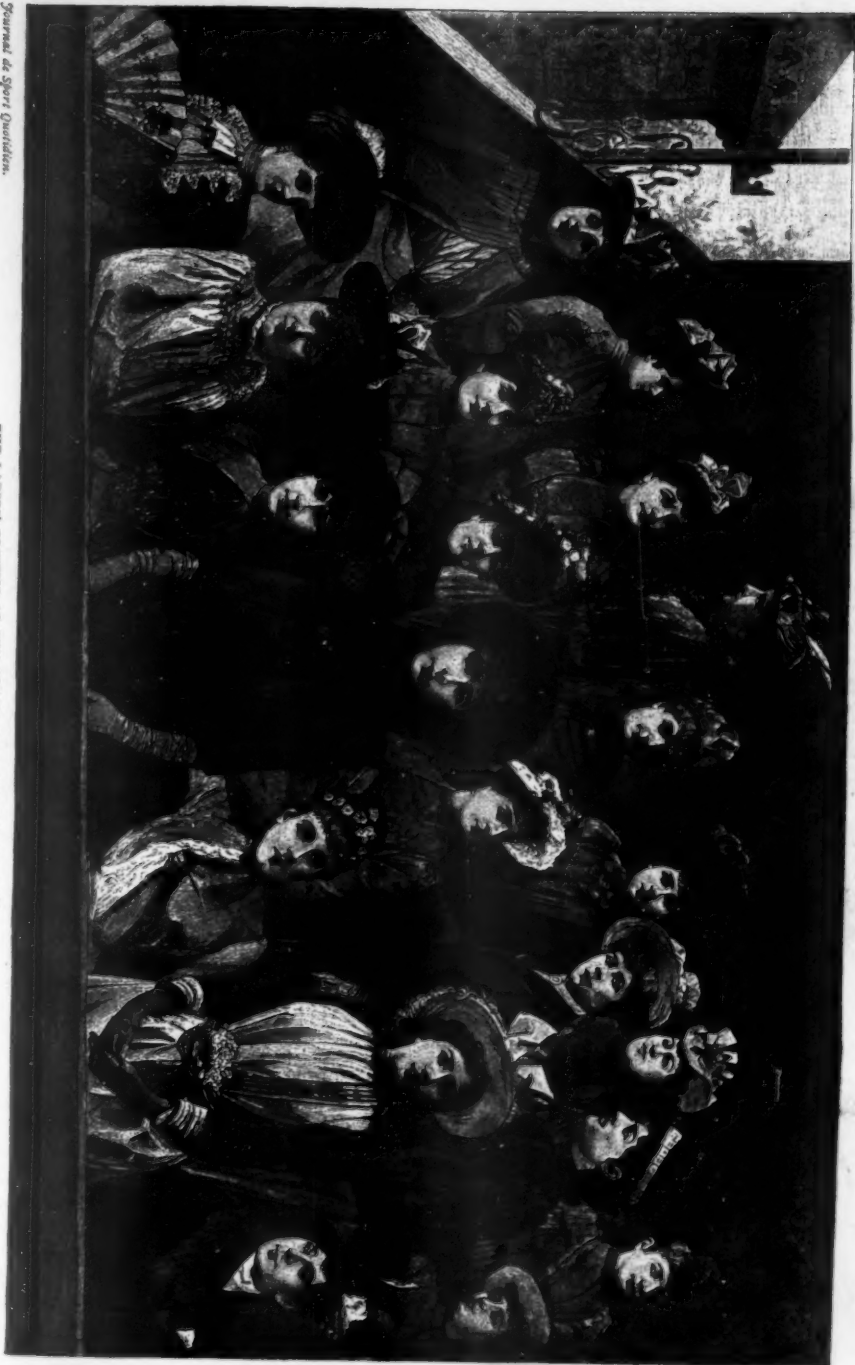
Mme. Magdeleine.
Mlle. Lardinois.
Mme. Yvonne.

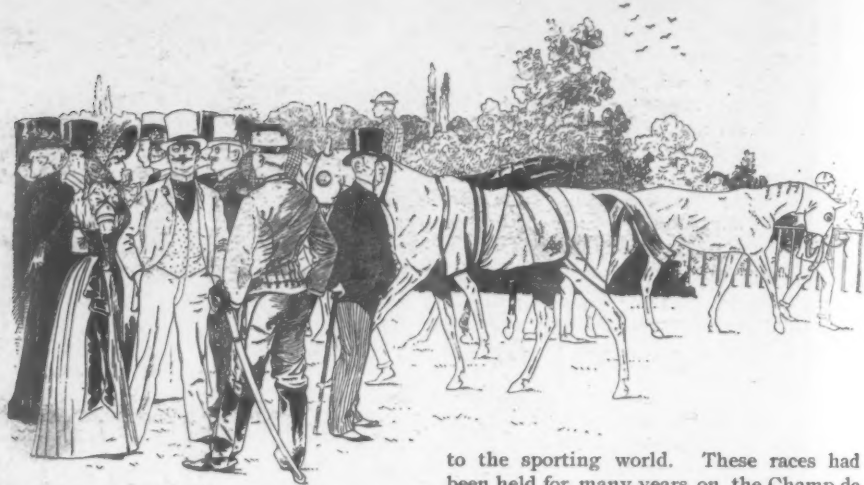
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.
Mlle. Branda.
Mlle. Branda.

Mlle. Gracie.
Mme. Richard.
Mlle. Gracie.

Mlle. Ludwig.
Mlle. Vanda.
Mlle. Vanda.

THE LADIES' TRIBUNE AT THE GRAND PRIX, LONGCHAMPS, 1889.





make a horse do anything he wishes. Once in Algeria, while riding from one military post to another, he espied an Arab in ambush, with a musket pointed directly at him. "Gathering up his horse," and impelling him forward, he charged on the thicket, and brought his horse's fore feet just over the Arab's head. The would-be assassin threw away his musket, and broke cover. It was he who, under Napoleon Third, reorganized the splendid regiment of the Guides, which was said at one time to possess the finest horses in Europe. The general has the portrait of the stud, which he rode at the head of this regiment, in a conspicuous place in his handsome home in the Avenue Gabriel. He was *grand écuyer de la couronne*, and director-general of the studs of the Empire. It was due to his special knowledge that Napoleon Third had better stables than any other European monarch. His office was no sinecure, for the late emperor was passionately fond of display in his equipages, and



nothing pleased him better than some new elegance in livery, harnesses, or carriages. General Fleury was also the founder of a school for coachmen and grooms, and this school issued diplomas to its pupils. Finally, the general was the real founder of the races in the Bois de Boulogne, for it was he who obtained from the Duke de Morny the authorization to open the noble park just outside the walls of Paris

to the sporting world. These races had been held for many years on the Champ de Mars, which has now become the site of universal exhibitions. The military school, where cavalry exercises are always going on, faces the Champ de Mars, which had been chosen as a convenient place for the display of soldierly feats of horsemanship, and into which the "sports" finally made their way.

By the opening of the Bois to horse-racing, General Fleury at once set the seal of elegance upon numerous annual races, especially the *Grand Prix de Paris*. To him is due the creation of the races at Vincennes, and of the annual "horse show"—*concours hippique* is the rather stilted French name for it—held every spring at the Palais de l'Industrie, on the Champs Elysées. General de Galliffet likes pure-blooded horses, and thinks an officer should ride no other. He says that every war-horse ought to be able, without fatigue or being winded, to cover ten kilometers (the French kilometer is five-eighths of an English mile) at a trot, or six kilometers at a gallop; and that after such a stretch the horse should still be in condition to charge vigorously. "He is," says his biographer, "like those cavalry officers among our ancestors whom the Sieur de Berac thus described: 'hardy, determined, active, sober in meat and drink, haughty in look, and nervous and lean in body.'" The Prince de Sagan, president of the Steeplechase Society of France, is one of the most accomplished horsemen in Parisian society.

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia,

whose immense fortune enables him, when he chooses, to outshine in display nearly all his fellow-hippophiles, has some wonderful stables in his mansion in the Rue de Varennes. The walls are of marble, *couleur de rose*, the boxes and mangers in old oak, set off with silver. The duke was elected president of the Jockey Club—of which he had long been vice-president—some time ago; but for the past two or three years he has not paid much attention to horses.

Baron Finot is the best known of French horsemen in connection with steeple-chases, of which he has for a quarter of a century made a special study. From his stables have come many of the horses whose names have been world-famous. He was long one of the gentleman-riders, and every Parisian knew him as well as he knew Thiers or Émile de Girardin.

The *Concours Hippique*, at the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Élysées, is a picturesque affair, when the officers of the army participate in it. Under General Boulanger's administration they were not allowed to appear at this competitive exhibition, the general doing his best to keep the army sternly at work, and finding that the *concours* was somewhat frivolous. The officers rebelled, so much as they dared, against this austere decision, and this was perhaps one of the reasons why, when General Boulanger, as Minister of War, appeared on his famous "black charger" at the great review on Longchamps, on the national festival day, he was so unmercifully "guyed." The general is but an indifferent horseman nowadays,

and the angry officers and their lady friends took advantage of this fact to puncture him with the fine needles of their tattling criticism. The fact that he was greatly cheered as he rode, on that occasion,

along the streets at the head of his staff, led his enemies in the political world, and the correspondents of all the German papers, to announce that he was posing as the new "man on horseback," whose advent France has been dreading for so many years, but who doesn't seem to get along very fast. In his present exile the general has one or two good horses, for use in the Row in Hyde Park; but he could not be, nor does he pretend to be, ranked among the famous equestrians of France.

Horse-racing having made its entry into France by way of England, it is but natural that English racing men, reputable, semi-reputable, and disreputable, should be very numerous in Paris.

At Auteuil, at Colombes, at Maisons-Laffitte, at Vincennes, at Longchamps, at Compiègne, and Chantilly, the bluff English face is everywhere seen. The diminutive



PREPARING TO START, LONGCHAMPS.

jockey, whether he be of English or French nationality, is always ultra-British in appearance. In reality there are very few French jockeys. The riders are almost entirely Englishmen who live in France, finding Parisian enthusiasm over fast horses a profitable profession.

The race-tracks in the Bois de Boulogne are in the midst of most enchanting scenery. The Auteuil course is near a noble lake, and within full view of the verdant high banks beyond the Seine. Longchamps, as its name signifies, is a field of great length, with a race-course handsomely backed with stands for the thousands of spectators who have special tickets. The rich, who do not take seats in the grand stands, come in their own carriages, which are ranged in semicircular rows on the level green inside the racing circle. There are tribunes for the President and diplomatic corps, for senators and deputies and their wives, cousins, and aunts; for the army and the navy, and every other branch of service; and, finally, for those people who can afford to pay high prices for tickets. Seven or eight times as many tickets as there are seats are sold, and the late comers stand on chairs in front of the tribunes. The crowd is very free in its comments upon the political personages as they arrive. "How ugly Clovis Hugues is with his long black hair!" "How badly Madame Carnot is dressed!"

Toward two o'clock on *Grand Prix* day the cosmopolitan throng is assembled. The immense and picturesque area of Longchamps, with its historic windmill, its rows of tribunes, its border of delicious greenery, its background of placid stream beyond which arise the heights of Suresnes, and, lower down, the villa-crowned slopes of Saint Cloud—is almost black with humanity. People seem to rise out of the ground, so mysteriously do they multiply in numbers from one to two o'clock. The Seine is covered with swift steamers bringing them; the railways run trains every five minutes; the cabs—and there are more than thirty thousand of them in Paris—drive a roaring trade; every handsome equipage in Paris—which has more private carriages than any other town in Europe—is brought into requisition. But the great mass comes on foot. All the way from the heights of Belleville

and Montmartre the sturdy thousands come afoot, bent upon "guying the swells," and on shouting themselves hoarse if it is their favorite, and a French horse which wins. For the principal race on *Grand Prix* day is a contest between English and French horses—or, more properly, between English horses from England, and French horses, trained largely according to English principles, in France. Behind the tribunes there is a fashionable promenade, fringed with buffets where iced champagnes and sherbets are sold, and where the curious linger to see the arrival and departure of the President and the diplomatic corps. Right and left stretch away seemingly interminable rows of carriages, private and public; and at intervals along these lines are stationed gamins, who, after the races, will reap a rich harvest by looking up everybody's coachman for him. Beyond the judge's stand, and the narrow strip of the race-track, is the long line of spectators pressing against the barriers, and behind it the drags and carriages, with gayly dressed men and women standing, at the risk of their necks, on the tops.

"The Society of Encouragement for the Amelioration of the Equine Races in France," is the ambitious and lengthy real name of the "Jockey Club," which aristocratic organization controls the racing track at Longchamps. The society does not admit to its course, save with such notable exceptions as in the *Grand Prix* race, any horses which are not born and raised in France, and whose genealogy is not inscribed either in the English or French stud-books, or which are not issued from ancestors whose names are in these books. The rules and regulations of the society are formidable in number and severity. They are all intended to maintain racing as a gentlemanly sport, and to punish any one who attempts to cheat. The "Commissaires des Courses" are nearly all gentlemen high in rank or of great wealth, and their decisions are without appeal. They refer to the "Racing Committee" if their justice is criticised. This committee has in its ranks Baron Gustave de Rothschild, Prince Joachim Murat, Baron Arthur de Schlickler, Comte Roederer, Marquis de Lauriston, Duc de Fezensac, Duc de Fitz-James, Mr. Mackenzie-Grievies, Comte de Navilles, Auguste Lupin, Henry Delamarre, and a large number of *membres*



adjoints. There is also a *Salon des Courses*—a kind of upper ten thousand of the racing world—open only to persons belonging to select racing clubs, and to those presented by them. And, finally, there is a series of regulations concerning betting on race-courses, which is as concise and thorny

as the Penal Code. Everybody, from the simplest servant of the great trainers at Compiègne or Chantilly to the first gentleman in the land, respects these.

The Grand Prix is patronized by the municipality of Paris, which realizes the importance of this festival to the tradesmen of the capital. The Jockey Club spends four millions of francs annually on improvement of racing stock, but it does not give the chief prize. This sum—one hundred thousand francs* open to three-year-olds from all over the country for a three thousand meters' race—is contributed by the city of Paris and by the five great railway companies which connect the capital with the outer world. The government patronizes other races at La Marche, Enghien, Auteuil, and Maisons-Laffitte; but this *grand prix* is municipal, and at the same time international. Now and then the winner of the English Derby is brought over and scores a second success at the Grand Prix, and on such occasions the disgust of the French masses knows no bounds. The idea that there can be any-

thing immoral in attending a horse-race on a Sunday never occurred to any Frenchman; but now and then cries are raised against the gambling in the races.

To me a horse-race is by no means an inspiring spectacle. But many hundreds of thousands of persons enter into a most extraordinary state of excitement when the bell rings, and the horses start on their three thousand meters' trip. Away they go, light, graceful, striding creatures, so swiftly that one may hardly distinguish the colors worn by the different jockeys. The "coming in," in front of the tribunes awakens the wildest demonstrations in the crowd. Men and women shout, shriek, jostle, expostulate, threaten, and dance up and down when their favorites are near at hand. The aristocrat loses his five hundred louis without moving a muscle of his countenance; but your common man must have a variety of excitement over the loss of twice twenty francs. The betting men move among the crowds, selling "tips" and pocketing the coin of the credulous, and closely watching and watched by the police. Twenty minutes after three o'clock the race is over. The English having won, the French disperse quietly; but if a French horse is number one, there is abundant exultation. The other races of the day have no attraction for the crowd, and all pedestrians hasten to gain a vantage ground, whence they can view the *retour*.

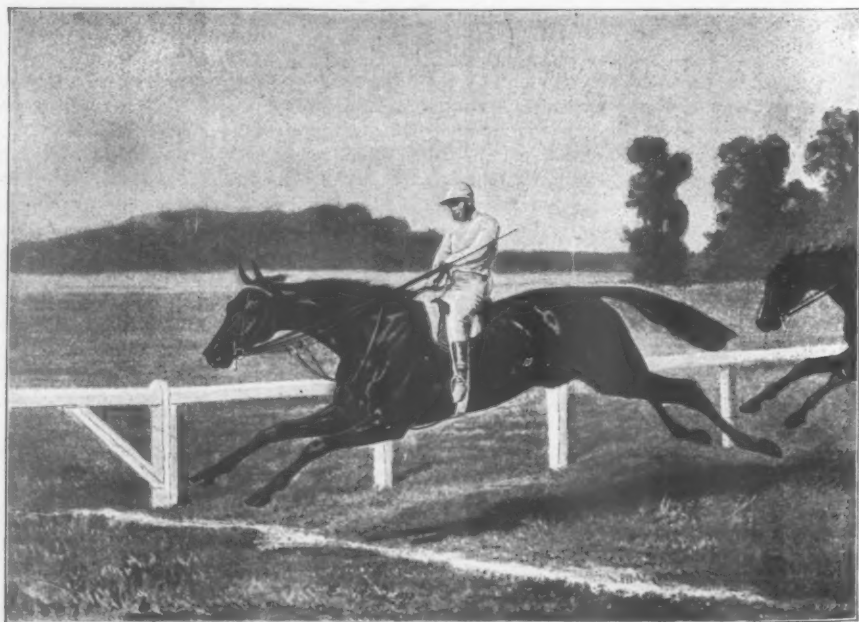
This *retour du Grand Prix* is one of the most remarkable spectacles in the Parisian year. Down the ample Allée des Acacias,

* For many years this stake was the largest offered by any course in the world. This year it is exceeded even in France, by the grand steeple-chase of Auteuil, whose stake is one hundred and twenty thousand francs (twenty-four thousand dollars). In England, Seabreeze won last year a prize of fifty-one thousand dollars; and this year, Donavan, who had taken a prize of thirty thousand dollars in 1888, won the Prince of Wales' stakes of fifty-five thousand dollars. The Jockey Club of Coney Island has organized the Futurity stakes (for two-year-old horses), which was run in 1888, and the Realization stakes (for three-year-old horses), which was opened this year for the first time. The two prizes are only ten thousand dollars each, but owing to the entries and forfeits, they exceed the Grand Prix. The former of these amounted last year to forty-one thousand dollars, and nine hundred and fifteen horses have been entered for it in 1890.

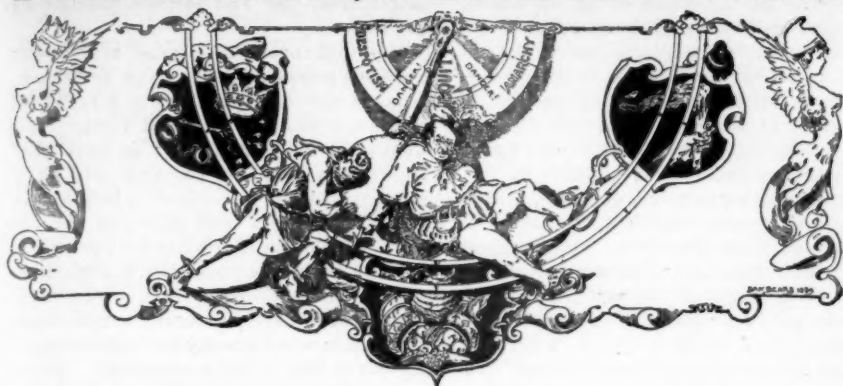
from Longchamps to the entrance of the Bois, thence up the noble Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and thence from the Arc de Triomphe down to the Place de la Concorde, stretches an unbroken line of carriages, four abreast. From half-past three until seven this movement of vehicles continues, the horses moving at funeral pace. Every complexion and every character under the sun is represented in this dazzling line: the old-rich and the new-rich, the priest and the gambler, the *coquette* and the *mère de famille*, the duchess and the washerwoman, the clerk at five and twenty francs per week and his employer, the republican deputy and the ex-Bonapartist, a Russian grand-duke and a distinguished socialist, Rochefort and Paul de Cassagnac, the actor of the day and the merchant of the hour—all are thrown together, and all sit gazing at each other as the procession crowds cityward. The tap of the horses' hoofs on the smooth roadway, the jingle of the harness, the champing of bits, are the only sounds heard. It is a grand parade—as solemn as a funeral; and if a stranger, who had never heard of the Grand Prix, were to stand in the Bois and see the carriages moving by, he would think that this motley collection of people had by some strange magic been deprived of the power of speech.

With the Grand Prix, as we have said,

ends the fashionable season. It is estimated that there are as many as ten thousand fashionable departures on the day following the celebrated race. Sometimes a flower festival is held in the Bois for a week after the race; the lakes are illuminated, and gondolas bedecked with lanterns ply upon them; there are processions of troops by torchlight, and fireworks innumerable. For those who can not do without racing all the year round, a change of scene only is necessary. At Pau the races begin in January; they are continued at Nice until the bright February weather begins to bring people back to Paris; then there is a meeting at Auteuil, followed by others at Colombes and Vincennes; all through March and April there are races at Auteuil, Saint Germain, and Pau; in May at Angoulême, Bordeaux, Nantes, and Lyons; then in June come the steeple-chases at Fontainebleau and Auteuil, the famous races at La Marche, the Grand Prix week at Chantilly and Paris; and in July, August and September, there are the seaside races, of which those at Trouville are, perhaps, the most fashionable. The autumn and early winter months also have their races at Auteuil and Colombes. Hundreds of millions of francs are invested in fine horses, their training and their trainers, and gentlemen and plebeians alike seem yearly more and more enamoured of "*le sport*."



Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

IT is hardly safe to take Count Tolstoi's own directions as to the reading of his own books. I should say that the true rule for one who had not yet begun on this fascinating study, was to read first the short and interesting volume, "My Confession." Let no man be deterred from this by the memory of Rousseau's "Confessions," or other similar trash. The title is almost an accident. In truth, the count has taken it because he had already used up the title "My Religion" upon another book, which does not nearly as well express his real religion as the book which he calls his confession.

Here, however, is to be made an explanatory remark as to the use of the word "religion." A distinction in the real use of this word, and in its mechanical use, must be stiffly made in the literature of our time, and will have to be insisted on more and more as the new century comes in. We take the ground in this department, that religion is the real relationship between man and God; that it shows itself in man's work for man, and in all that lifts man to a higher plane of being, or in any sort makes him conscious of his own immortality. Any one who tries to hold back the word religion to one of its two Latin senses, and to make of it a mere matter of ritual or even of theology, is not even with the end of the nineteenth century.

It is to be observed then, first of all, that even Count Leo Tolstoi, when he writes a book called "My Religion," dwells very much more upon certain externals in his theology than he dwells upon that real religious

life which has brought him into close intimacy with God, into very close relationship with mankind, and which makes him just now the most important religious leader of Europe. This is not saying a great deal, for half of Europe does not care much about religious leading; but, such as it is, Count Tolstoi is taking a lead which no one else has taken, and his recent and present books are doing work which the mechanics of theology have not done, which the dogmatics can not do, and which men who are mere ecclesiastics can not so much as understand.

In the "Confession," then, we learn what has been this man's moral and spiritual experience. He started a bright boy, with prosperous surroundings, in a noble family, and had the best external education which such a family knew how to give in Russia. His faith in the established religious usages of his country was implicit when he was sent to school, and survived some years of school infidelity and persecution. He records distinctly the moment when for the last time he knelt in prayer, and when there began for him a period of practical infidelity, as one would say, in which he believed only in himself.

We are not troubled by details of "went here" or "went there," "said this" or "said that;" but any one would learn that he achieved success in fashionable circles. Particularly in a life of literature he was singularly successful; his books were read all over Europe, and especially read at home. He was surrounded by the best literary society, and in any of the capitals of Europe had the best which such social surrounding

involves. In the midst of all, of course, there stalked in, inevitable, "What for?" If his publishers sent him money for his books, "What for? What is the good of money? Why do I live?" If people told him he was famous, "What for? What is the good of being famous? Why do I live?"

To this eternal cynical question he tried one and another answer. One was, that he belonged to the whole; that everything grows, develops, improves. "Comprehend the whole, then, as well as you can, and the law of development, so you will grow to your place in it; you will come to a comprehension of what you are, and why."

But this would not answer forever. The time came when he was no longer growing. He says his teeth failed him, that his strength diminished, and he no longer belonged to the improving world. Still the question, "What for?" recurred all the same, though the answer had broken down. He could not satisfy himself with the conceited notion of literary men, that the trumpeters are the most important people in God's army. He could not satisfy himself by assuming that he was an educator. Of course the question comes, "Can everybody be an educator? And suppose the world were educated, what then?" At last he was satisfied that the whole class of literary and scientific men, to which he belonged, was not satisfied. He divides the educated men of Russia into four classes—agnostics, epicureans, suicides, and cowards. To the third of these classes he thought he belonged, but he constructed some fortunate reason why he should not take himself out of the world.

This was the condition of his theory of life, when, after he had begun to lose his teeth, as has been said, he made his great discovery.

It is the discovery that it is only men of book-learning who find life is not worth living or incomprehensible. He observed that the great mass of men love to live, enjoy life, live with a purpose, and without question. He observed that the great mass of men, without demonstration or logical proof, accept life as a blessing, and try to maintain their lives. The great experiment of his life was joining simply, and like a friend, with common men and women. He joined in the common life of all sorts of

people, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears.

This, to the average American reader, who has some knowledge of the New Testament, is not a new doctrine; but, as a matter of practice, it was new to Count Tolstoi. He went upon his own estates; he established an intimacy with the peasants only lately emancipated. If he wished to help a poor widow, he did not send money to her: he asked that he might work in her garden. In his own fields he worked with his own tools among his workmen. This, which is no novelty or discovery in morals to the American farmer, was a novelty and a discovery in morals to this Russian proprietor. Fortunately for him, it showed him what a good sort of people men and women are. He "touched elbows" with the people on his estates. He did not so much answer his old questions: he rose above them, into a plane where new questions found their solution.

Since Count Tolstoi has thus lived in the common life of mankind—that is to say, in very much the life in which most of us are living—he has found life very well worth living, and he has found no difficulties about his own duty. The success of his experiment tempts him to say some rather extravagant things and to do some rather extravagant things, of which the one which forces itself upon public attention is that he chooses to wear shoes which he has made with his own hands. But, in practice, Count Tolstoi's life does not seem to vary very much from that of an intelligent New England farmer who chooses to show his workmen that he can work as well as they can, who is among them while they are at work, and is doing his fair share in the management of a farm. If, to as simple a theory of life as is involved in such a way of going about one's business, one add Count Tolstoi's theory that everybody should be trained to use his hands as well as his head, we have nearly all of that innovation, at which half of Europe stands amazed, which he is proposing in social order.

Naturally, not to say of course, all this affects Count Tolstoi's literary work. It will be found, therefore, that his books of the last ten years are quite free from a certain morbid tone which is to be observed in the older books. In my judgment, they are very much better worth reading than those

books are. At all events, it is certain that Count Tolstoi is not pleased when people speak of having read only his older novels, on which his literary reputation is founded. He wishes them also to read the books which show the opinions and results of to-day. My own advice to all young readers is to begin at the end, with the "Confession;" then read or not, as you choose, "My Religion." It will not do you much good; it will not do you any harm. Then work back as carefully as you can from the list of his books which is at hand, and from the later learn how the man has been developed from the earlier.

* * *

SHOULD every one work with his own hands? For instance, will the coming man always learn to write? Or will the specialty of writing be left to professional penmen, as we now leave the specialties of the law, of medicine, of dentistry, of the building of yachts, or the shoeing of horses?

This is one of a class of questions which civilization has been putting all along, and with every century some of them are answered in ways which have not been expected. Three hundred years ago if you had asked whether a gentleman should learn to ride, you would have been thought a fool. He must ride if he was to get about in the world, just as he must walk. But you and I see many gentlemen now, any one of whom, if he were put on the back of a horse, would tumble off before he had gone five rods. This means that the progress of civilization is such that riding is no longer an essential accomplishment of a gentleman. For ninety-nine purposes out of a hundred in life, it may be said that the writing of the future will be done by the typewriter or by some similar machine.

Still the candid and intelligent reader will say that the remaining one per cent. of cases will be so important that it will be necessary that the man of the future shall be able to write his wishes down. We can conceive many places that he can be in without even the most portable typewriter, and it will be necessary for him to make some visible mark which shall express his wishes intelligibly to a person at a distance.

Now, this is a parable written with the hope of calling the attention of the reader to many similar questions. Shall the girl of

the future learn to sew, or shall the business of sewing be relegated to machinery or to professionals? Shall she sew if she have a genius for sewing, but not sew if she do not, as Amelia learns to play the piano because she has a genius for music, or Araminta takes lessons in painting because she has an eye for color? Another question, more doubtful, is whether Amelia and Araminta both shall know how to boil a potato; why it is boiled; what is the effect of boiling it with the skin on, and what is the effect of boiling it with the skin off; whether it had better be put into hot water or into cold water when the boiling begins. It may very well be that neither of them has any genius for this thing, and it will probably be that professionals will do it better than they. Shall we then say that Amelia and Araminta shall know nothing about it? The extremists of a century ago, led by that fool who was named Jean Jacques Rousseau, decided that everybody must learn one manual trade, as they used to call it; and poor Louis XVI. is said to have been a better locksmith than he was king—as, indeed, he well might have been. "Nothing much" came of this, as far as appears from the history of the last hundred years. Still there was an element of excellent good sense in it, and that good sense ought to assert itself in our arrangements for the education of the next fifty years.

It seems to me that the gentlemen of Chicago have hit the mark in the arrangements, which are admirable, which they make for their "Manual Training-School." Here is perhaps the best school in Chicago—certainly the most expensive—and one into which the best boys of the best families are eager to go. By the fundamental rule of the school, one-half of the time is devoted to the training of the eye and the hand; nor can any head-master, even the most idealistic, devote more than one-half the time to books, or what people are pleased to call the improvement of the mind. Half the time has to be given to exercises in drawing and to exercises in the admirable work-shops of the establishment. Your young gentleman leaves that school with his French and Latin and metaphysics and botany, and all that; but at the same time he can plane a board, he can drive a nail straight, he can drill a hole in a boiler, he can mend his own

cedar skiff (or build her if he wants to), he can rivet two pieces of iron together, and in whatever position of active life he is engaged he can show the professional workmen whom he employs that he understands the business which they have in hand, and knows the principles involved. Such a man as this has remarkable chances for what is called success in this world.

* * *

THE children of the city of Boston are well cared for during the summer months, both by private generosity and public foresight. Already mention has been made of sand gardens and vacation schools in that city. The Seashore Home, at Winthrop; Rindge Sanitarium, at Lowell Island; and Rosemary Cottage, at Eliot, Maine, receive regularly during the season children for a fortnight's outing, or more as may be deemed necessary. Country week provides for many who are sent out among the farmers for ten days or more, or who, being for various reasons unable to leave home, are given days down the harbor or nearer home. The city missions provide a series of picnics during July and August. These are all the work of charitable organizations. The city government, recognizing its duty toward children, in June opened formally what is now known as the Playstead, in the beautiful new park situated in the Roxbury District. The children themselves took part in the ceremonies, and understood thoroughly that the Playstead was dedicated to their uses. The commissioners have selected a large, comparatively level piece of ground for this purpose. They have built a structure called the Overlook, where parents can rest and watch their little ones, while close by may be found water for drinking, and a place where playthings may be deposited. The Playstead is only intended for children from seven to sixteen years of age; but it is hoped ere long to prepare a special ground for very little children, and yet another where croquet and tennis may be played by the young girls. In connection with these, houses, with matrons in charge, will be open to the public. The city is wise in providing for the young people and children. It will insure a higher moral as well as physical development for the coming

generations. Whatever tends to bring these children out of their squalid and dirty surroundings, and put them under the blue sky, among the green trees, and in the pure air, is a benefit to the child, the family, the city, and the nation. Alas! there are yet children who are unprovided for. Unfortunately there are some who can not pay the necessary car-fare, who can not walk the distance, and are thus deprived of the pleasure they might otherwise enjoy. To provide for these children, the Episcopal City Mission has instituted a new device. In many respects it begins where the vacation schools began, but it does not propose development as do the vacation schools. Large playrooms are opened in the poorest quarters of the city. Four sets of children are received each day, not more than fifty at a time, and are met by bright, skilled teachers, who show them how to play, to sing, and to march. It is believed that a large number of children will be reached and made happy during the season. Certainly it is a great gain to any city to keep the children from the street corners, where at all times are idlers teaching them by word and example all that is evil.

* * *

THE working women of Philadelphia have united and formed an association known as the Working Women's Society. They propose as women to do the work which they have waited in vain for men to do in obtaining laws which should benefit them. They propose to help women to form organizations for self-protection, enlightenment, mutual aid and benefit, and enforcing legislation in the interests of the working class. Already they have made great effort for the passage of a factory inspection bill, which limits the working day for minors to ten hours, gives separate washrooms and sanitary arrangements for women, and compels the appointment of two women upon the board of inspectors. At the present time it seems probable that the bill will be passed. A compulsory education bill, which is also before the legislature, if passed will be a great step toward lifting the load which working women and children have so long carried. The society at present holds its meetings in St. George's Hall, in Philadelphia.



NATURALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.*

ON the 19th of August the world celebrates the date when Daguerre's process was proclaimed, before the learned French Academy, by the learned Arago, fifty years ago. The enlightenment of the world since then has been due in no small degree to the dissemination of pictorial productions, large and small, original and reproductive. In many fields of knowledge revolutions have been quietly worked. Not enough has been done to make it of systematic historical value. With perfected processes, simple and less costly, governments will file away a pictorial record of their labors as a precious heirloom to future ages. Whether this is of as much moment as I believe, or no, we have the inestimable privilege of keeping our own pictorial diaries, and thus delight our own old age as even the brightest memory would fail to do. And the book named above gives a valuable stimulus to the artistic resources of photography.

New conditions serve only to bring into prominence old phases of human thought, and in Dr. Emerson's book we have to deal with the ever-present conflict of the realists and idealists. Photography, which has taken such high rank for its accuracy in assisting the scientist, can occupy another field, which, in the estimate of many, has not been sufficiently cultivated. While it records with fidelity the plain facts of nature, in able hands it may also be made to trans-

late the beauties of the outer world, and by the intelligent employment of means peculiar to its chemical and optical laws, offer for our contemplation phases of natural beauty responding to those of our finer thoughts, which we ordinarily call subjective. It is toward this end that Dr. Emerson's book would lead us. Truth is at the bottom of all, but presented to us through channels governing the amount it is deemed wise to force upon our notice. A temperate acknowledgment of the value of quality rather than quantity is one of the underlying thoughts of the book. The work stimulates to new and more purposeful endeavor. From it the novice may learn much that will save waste of time, and the old practitioner be urged to new and more thoughtful trial. If one stops to consider, he will realize how great a boon photography has been in many of the fields it has occupied; yet a few moments' reflection will show how rare are the photographs he has seen, in which qualities we are accustomed to call "artistic" prevail.

Dr. Emerson's book seems the work of a healthy nature given over to observation and reflection, convinced that most human moods are reflected somehow and somewhere in the world of nature, and that the photographic art, thoroughly understood, can be made to compass a far wider range than has been claimed for it.

What Dr. Emerson means by naturalism, he tells us simply and clearly, is "the true and natural expression of nature by an art." Now, it will immediately be said that all

* By Dr. P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low & Co.

men see nature differently. Granted. But the artist sees deeper, penetrates more into the beauty and mystery of nature, than the commonplace man. The beauty is there in nature. It is thus from the beginning; so the artist's work is no idealizing of nature, but, through quicker sympathies and training, the good artist sees the deeper and more fundamental beauties, and he seizes upon them—"tears them out," as Dürer says—and renders them on his canvas, or his photographic plate, or on his written page. And therefore the work is the test of the man, for by the work we see whether the man's mind is commonplace or not. "This, then, is what we understand by naturalism, that all suggestions should come from nature, and all techniques should be employed to give as true an impression of nature as possible."

The amateur photographer is having special clubs, special magazines and papers, special rooms in hotels, as well as "special" plates furnished him; and the class is already so large that it deserves being better understood and assisted. Such a work as Dr. Emerson's ought to raise the ideals of these devotees of "sun-writing." From this army of lovers of nature, hopeful of acquiring skill in the use of the camera, there will surely come a select few with leisure, taste, and technical powers, to whom we must look for very beautiful pictures. This will be the company to marshal under Dr. Emerson's banners and work faithfully for the bettering of their choice of subject as well as their chemical manipulation, and all the series of processes from the sighting of the camera to the mounting of the finished print. Much of the book may be read with entertainment and profit by those who never hope to own a camera, for principles are formulated and information imparted of great value to any cultivated mind.

To raise photography to a high plane, he is tempted to try to draw down toward earth some of the giants whose masterpieces have been esteemed for ages. It is true the camera must have something before it to record, but there are many resources at the disposal of the photographer by which he may combine and produce by alleviations and exaggerations the truthful impression of nature.

More than half the book is given over to "Technique and Practice," in which personal prejudices in favor of certain methods

of procedure are enthusiastically explained. In these chapters many suggestions for the bettering of existing methods are given, and the mind is helped even where the statements can not be received as conclusive.

The third division of this treatise of Dr. Emerson he calls "Pictorial Art," and into it compasses many profitable ideas. Of the artist he writes that he "begins by studying closely his subject—nature as a whole; he studies her in all her aspects; he seeks for harmonies and arrangements in color and form, for beautiful lines of composition; and only after long and close observation do the scales drop from his eyes and he sees a beautiful pose, even in a child digging up potatoes, or a man throwing a hammer or running a race; or he sees subtle beauties of color in a reed-bed, or poetry and pathos in an old peasant stooping under a load of sticks; and this is far more difficult to see than it is to learn to see the scientific truths, and that is why there are so few real artists and poets, and so many more scientific men." He would have the photographer study the art of past and present ages, and educate himself by familiarization with the best pictorial work of every period, as well as by a passionate study of nature, by a well-grounded scientific knowledge of chemistry and optics, so that he may be able to produce work of as great technical excellence as that of the most proficient.

"Thus it will be seen how difficult a matter it is to produce a *picture*, even when we have thoroughly mastered our technique; for, to recapitulate, in a picture the arrangement of lines must be appropriate, the aerial perspective must be truly and subtly, yet broadly rendered, the tonality must be relatively true, the subject distinguished, and, if the picture is to be a masterpiece, the motif must be poetically rendered, for there is a poetry of photography as there is of painting and literature."

There are many criticisms commonly made on photography which are answered by this experienced enthusiast in a convincing way; so that, though the reader may not concede all that is claimed, his appreciation of the probable development as well as present possibilities of photography will be greatly enlarged.

J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.*

BOHEMIA is being depopulated. Long ago, by some curious geologic change, it lost its seacoast—that salt shore upon which lovely Princess Perdita were abandoned—and after that, of course, no more ships ever came in, though previously there was scarce a dweller in the country who was not the hopeful owner of argosies astray somewhere upon the seas. Next a murrain fell upon the lions, and they emigrated in a body; and now the inhabitants of that country of joyous squalor, that land of revel and romance, are stealing away from it one by one, till soon there will be none left to tell that the place ever existed outside of the winter's tale of a poet.

First the literary men cut their hair, and then all their fellow-countrymen bid them a weeping adieu, for they knew they should see them no more. Then the artists developed economical tendencies and a disposition to invest the price of their work in three per cents., and went forth in search of these investments, never returning. The actors went next. Phenomenal runs of plays made fortunes for them, and as they developed a fancy for real estate, and no land or houses are for sale in Bohemia, they were forced to go elsewhere. Only the journalists were left, for though the population had grown scarce they still found it their Delectable Country. Of late, days they too are showing signs of hankering after the bondage of Egypt and the fleshpots. There is growing a fatal tendency to believe that the highest reward in the profession is to marry one of the dowered daughters of Philistine fathers. So if the journalistic novel is to be written, it must be done at once.

'Tis a pity Dickens did not write it. He knew the life well by personal experience, and no one else could have so sharply reproduced the dusty, comfortless unkemptness of journalism, with its brilliant and exhilarating moments, its shams and verities, its long and ardent flirtation with falsity, and its somewhat loveless and legalized union with truth. No one certainly could have so richly recorded its humors and its pathos. Zola might perhaps give a careful photogravure of its coarser side.

J. M. Barrie—who calls his book "When

* "When a Man's Single." By J. M. Barrie. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. Scribner & Welford, New York.

a Man's Single," a "tale of literary life"—essays to do something in this direction, and achieves more than have most of his predecessors in the field. He steers happily past the rock on which the journalistic novelist usually goes to pieces,—the attempt to get the entire ring of the horizon into one picture. He appreciates that art means selection, and is content, like the skilled dramatist, to let the few scenes between lifting and falling curtain suggest the environment and influences which brought about, and spring from, such happenings.

The author is evidently a Scotchman, and gives an opening and closing chapter of dialect and queer dry Caledonian humor, from which he tears himself away with visible reluctance—knowing the fate of the dialect writer—to go on with his study of the newspaper world. The conditions of the latter vary somewhat from the journalist's world in America, yet the man who has begun his career on a provincial paper will find delightful verity in Rob Angus's early struggles against the limitations of conditions and the mercantile instincts of the editor of a journal in one of the English towns. When finally he comes to London he hears some truths, painful but salutary, for beginners from the country, and worth repeating. An old journalist says: "You beginners seem able to write nothing but your views on politics, and your reflections on art, and your theories on life, which you sometimes even think original. Editors won't have that, because their readers don't want it. . . . He tosses aside your column and a half about Evolution, but is glad to have a paragraph saying you saw Herbert Spencer gazing solemnly for ten minutes in at a milliner's shop."

There is much crisp talk of the sort on the art of journalism; and were not the author, unluckily, so bent upon developing the commonplace love story of the rich daughter of the Philistines, we might be the gainers by a very complete sketch of journalistic life. But all the book shows the fatal drift of the journalists away from Bohemia. There is one bit which all newspaper men will recognize, how Simms's story of the knobbed cane causing a disease of the palm of the hand—evolved out of his inner consciousness upon a mere floating suggestion—traveled the world of journalism over in protean forms.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES.*

THE question was once put to a group of gentlemen: "Who was Scanderbeg?"

One answered, "A Norwegian mythical hero;" another, "An Egyptian warrior;" a third, "An Eastern queen." None of them knew anything accurately of the general enrolled by Sir William Temple among the seven greatest uncrowned men of history.

Yet it is doubtful if any one but a thorough student of history like Dr. Ludlow, whose famous historical chart is a masterly evidence of his comprehensive grasp of the world's story, would have discovered how royal a character was buried from common knowledge in this same Scanderbeg; and it is certain that no one but an enthusiast on the subject of vitalizing history, and an adept in the arts of construction, could have created from the slumbering annals of mediæval Serbia and Turkey so dramatic a series of pictures as those clustered in this volume. The story is a marvel of prodigious pains in the collecting of obscure facts and weaving them into a living texture of romantic truth. It stands among the best of those fascinating teachers of history that charm the reader while instructing him, as no mere record can, alongside of "Hypatia," "Uarua," "Kenilworth," and "Ben Hur."

The story is of the fifteenth century, that wondrous epoch of transformation, and on both sides of the Golden Horn of Constantinople, that maelstrom center of the ages. Scanderbeg, though a captive Albanian prince, was the favorite head of the Janizaries,—the soldiers, bred from bravest boys, whose heroic organization shaped the Turkish Empire for centuries. One of the most interesting parts of the book is that revealing the astute methods by which the young brawn and brain of all the nations were trained and welded into this invincible army, privileged to self-government,—a system reminding one of the Roman *Prætorian Guards* and Napoleon's *Immortals*.

In the meridian of his Turkish glory, when he was the unvanquished commander of the Sultan's dreaded armies, he renounced the cause of his adopted country and went over to his native Albania, whose mountain freedom was endangered by the advanc-

ing dominion of Mahomet. He was welcomed as a deliverer, and, inspired by patriotic zeal, his military genius rallied the provinces of Epirus in successful defense. Again and again his small numbers, impelled by his indomitable genius, drove back the swarming Turks, and the Sultan lashed the waves in furious disgust as he saw his proud battalions and fleets defeated. At length came the inevitable conquest of Constantinople, and the chapters depicting that signal event are peculiarly impressive. But though the mosaic Christ in St. Sophia was covered with Mahometan symbols, and the Sultan's grand harem was moved from Adrianople to the Bosphorus, Scanderbeg still held his country uninvaded. For a quarter of a century his *Cæsar-like* generalship kept back the mighty tide of Turkish power, and it was not until he died that Albania submitted to the Crescent.

The military theme is softened and enriched by noble descriptions of scenery, and by beautiful pictures of the quaint ceremonial customs of Serbia.

The love story that winds through the texture like a golden thread begins with a betrothal of children among the mountain flowers of Albania, wanders among sieges, wild adventures, captivities, harem and army life, with many a gleam of thrilling episode and heroic beauty. The combat of the two brothers, Constantine, the mountain soldier, and Michael, the Janizary, who succeeded Scanderbeg as captain—a battle duel which unites the comrades who for years had led contending armies—is a stirring climax; and the inner life of the fiery Mahomet II. is one of the most vivid of many impressive scenes.

One regrets only that the thirteen volumes of the monk Marinus Barletius, recording the deeds of Scanderbeg, did not give him a larger prominence in the story. A character whom his contemporaries liked to compare with Alexander, a general whose consummate skill and resource never were defeated, a warrior whose massive physique fitly framed a gigantic heart and mind, as magnanimous as he was intrepid, is too grand a treasure to be lost to the world; and this is drawn for us with the dexterous finish and enchantment of an artist-scholar in "The Captain of the Janizaries."

EDWARD DWIGHT WALKER.

* By James M. Ludlow, D.D. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.





Carmen Sylva